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Diary of the Week.

THE interest of the discussion of foreign policy in the French Chamber was by no means exhausted by M. Pichon's formal exposition to which we referred last week. M. Jaurès delivered an eloquent harangue in which he pointed out that the new friendships and unimpaired alliances of which M. Pichon had boasted led only to the peroration in which he called for greater armaments. Russia's negotiations with Germany certainly implied a weakening of the Triple Entente. After a hopeful reference to Mr. Taft's pronouncement in favor of unconditional treaties of arbitration, he went on to point out that the remaining causes of war in Europe were no longer territorial or dynastic. They all turned on the ambitions of an Imperialism which sought to exploit the country of some weaker race, now the Moors, now the Persians. The liberation or self-government of Egypt, India, and other Eastern dependencies would be the end of wars and armaments in Europe. To the admission which he extracted from M. Pichon that France was not consulted by Russia over her Bagdad Railway negotiation with Germany we refer elsewhere. On Monday, in reply to M. Constant, M. Pichon made this even clearer. France knew only that Russian interests in Persia would be discussed at Potsdam—a matter which did not directly concern her. M. Pichon re-affirmed the demands of French policy—that the line must be internationalised, and that France must have in it the same share as the most-favored-nation before French capital can be allowed to participate.

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THE subject of these Russo-German negotiations has been suddenly dropped by the Press of the two countries

most concerned, but the Turks continue to discuss them with some heat and more alarm. They realise that Germany has in effect acted as though the line were a German and not a Turkish interest. The Turkish Government was in no way consulted, and the sinister suggestion conveyed in Germany's pledge not to permit the construction of branch lines through N. E. Anatolia towards North Persia is generally understood. The Turks had supposed that the Bagdad railway was a great military asset. They realise that Russia, by entering Persia, has turned their flanks, and that Germany will not assist them in the work of defence.

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WHAT Germany loses in prestige, however, we do not gain. Ismail Hakki Bey, deputy of Bagdad, Committee leader, and influential journalist, has written a series of articles to emphasise the danger of British pretensions in Mesopotamia. He recommends an aggressive policy against the two sheiks of Kuwait and Mohammerah, whom we have taken for many years under our protection. The common danger of Turkey and Persia has brought about at Bagdad a fraternisation of Sunnis and Shias, and the publication by the great Persian Shiah pontiffs, the Mujtehids of Nejef, of an appeal to the two sects to sink their differences and save by unity both Moslem lands from the encroachments of foreign Powers. The "Times," we are glad to note, has seen the danger, and is preparing to approve the internationalisation of the Bagdad line, tacitly dropping the old claim that the section from Bagdad to the Gulf must be British.

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In the course of the debate in the French Chamber M. Pichon made a guarded but weighty and, as it seems to us, quite proper reference to the Dutch plans for fortifying Flushing and the mouth of the Scheldt. He put the objection to this scheme, of course, upon the unique position of the Scheldt as an international waterway secured by treaty, and the right of the Powers which have guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium to use it in her defence in time of war. "A project of this kind entails conversations between the various Powers which are called upon to guarantee the neutrality of Belgium." A semi-official note in the "Cologne Gazette" expresses German indignation at this suggestion, sees in it an interference in the internal concerns of Holland, and gives to Holland the amusingly superfluous assurance that she at least will not interfere. She has no treaty rights, but her tone has clearly made France nervous. Another incident in this memorable debate was the refusal of M. Pichon to reply to the question why Russia has withdrawn the greater number of her troops from the Polish frontier. The massing dates from the Bosnian trouble, and was probably caused by an Austro-German threat to raise the Poles against Russia. The withdrawal shows at least how rapidly Russo-German relations have improved.

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THE preparation for Home Rule moves steadily forward. Lord Courtney, one of the ablest and strongest of the Old Guard of Unionism, has written to Mr. Sexton that Unionists must now "take for

granted" the constitution of an Irish assembly with a responsible Executive, and therefore that their special task is to make that body representative and "fair." His remedy is, naturally, proportional representation, based on a system of three-membered constituencies, the voters for which must be restricted to a vote for one candidate only. Dublin and Belfast would be five-membered constituencies. Mr. Redmond has met this notable advance in the spirit of statesmanship. He agreed with Lord Courtney that the paramount need was that the Irish Parliament should be representative of all the national elements. "We want (he said) every class represented, every creed represented, the men of letters and the men of commerce, the men of the professions, the workmen, the farmers, the laborers, the artisans, the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Presbyterian. We want equality, justice, and toleration for all. One thing we won't have. We won't tolerate the ascendancy of any class or any creed." These are words of good omen, which many types of Englishmen and Irishmen will hear with gladness.

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MEANWHILE the Orange party seems to have thought it well to disown what the "Manchester Guardian" calls Sidney Street tactics, and to dissociate the preaching of "loyalty" from, at least, the actual practice of sedition. The "Daily Mail" has been prompted to send a special correspondent to Orange Ulster to contradict the earlier threats of armed resistance to Home Rule. This gentleman reports that no arms are being bought (why were they advertised for?) in Germany, or stored in Ireland. Indeed, the trade in rifles was rather more sluggish than usual. Second thoughts are no doubt best, and the Conservative papers which have been advising or hinting at high treason are best answered by those who think it —inexpedient.

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THE Washington Correspondent of the "Times" makes the important statement that Canada and the United States have concluded a provisional agreement on lines of reciprocity, and that the document goes before the United States Cabinet to-day. It will also, of course, have to run the gauntlet of the Canadian and the American legislatures. The "Times" does its best to minimise the scope of the agreement and its chances in the various Chambers, as if it were an injury to us that Canadian farmers should get their implements and machinery rather more cheaply. This, we believe, is the main, if not the full, scope of the instrument, which is concerned with farm products on the one hand, and agricultural appliances on the other. Toronto will not be pleased; but what ground of complaint have we?

* * *

AN interesting situation has arisen in connection with the vacant seat for the representation of the University of Cambridge. Mr. Harold Cox has come forward as a full-blooded Balfourian, if that be a term which can properly be applied either to Mr. Cox or to Mr. Balfour. His programme is Conservative on every point, including even Free Trade, which he is willing to submit to Mr. Balfour's test of the Referendum. His candidature, therefore, is thoroughly orthodox, and, as Mr. Cox is intellectually a distinguished man, though not in the technical sense a scholar, he seems to answer every demand that a high Tory University can make upon him. It is clear, however, that the Tariff Reformers will have nothing to say to him, and that one if not two rival candidates will appear. The plea for this action is that Mr. Cox is not a sufficiently "academic" person. The reality, we suspect, is that the Tariff

Reformers will not have him, or, if they can help it, any Balfourian. We shall be interested to see on whom the choice of the most powerful body of Unionist electors alights. We are tolerably certain that whatever be his line towards University Reform, his path to Tariff Reform will be made perfectly straight for him.

* * *

THE inquest on the two bodies of the thieves slain in Sidney Street, Stepney, has resulted in a very partial identification of "a man known as Josef" and "a man known as Fritz," and in the finding that the first died by "justifiable homicide" from a shot fired by one of the soldiers and the other by suffocation. A rider calls for stricter laws against the entrance of criminal aliens, and there is approval of the conduct of the police. Mr. Churchill appeared as a witness, and, while denying that he had directed operations, controlled the police, or ordered up the soldiers, approved the order to the firemen to wait until the shooting from the house had ceased, and stated that the constables and detectives were quite ready to rush the building if they had been asked. Mr. Churchill's attitude seems to have been quite correct. The scene was an extraordinary one, and his presence at it was at once natural and spirited. But it would never have occurred to us to excuse it on the grounds suggested by a leader writer of the "Times":—

"It has shut the mouths of those sentimental Radicals who always take the part of a criminal against the police. Otherwise they would have wept tears of pity over the martyred Fritz and Josef and have cried out against the brutal conduct of the police. We are spared that maudlin exhibition, and we even have the spectacle of the soldiers who made a target of the martyrs being defended in the most unexpected quarters."

There was a time—now long past—when the leading columns of the "Times" would not have been open to vulgar nonsense like this.

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A SOCIAL scandal of an unpleasant character has been tried in the Law Courts. Mrs. Horace West, a daughter-in-law of Sir Algernon West, has obtained damages of £1,250 for slander. There were two charges against Sir Algernon West. First, that he had said something to the Lord Chamberlain—Lord Spencer—concerning the separation which had, for a time at least, excluded Mrs. West from Court functions; and, secondly, that he had spoken of her "extravagance" to Lady Grove and others in terms which had excluded her from their "hospitality." The Lord Chamberlain declined, as a matter of privilege, to repeat what Sir Algernon had said, and its sense remains obscure.

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IT appeared that Mrs. West was a completely innocent party in the separation, and that she should have been sedulously protected against any unkind or unfair version of it. But it seems to us doubtful whether a suggestion of extravagance would have acted as a bar to any kind of "hospitality" a lady might fancy. Mrs. Asquith said with wit and reason that it might even be a "passport" to it. Certainly it could be alleged against at least half the ladies whom one sees at a "fashionable" restaurant, or in the stalls of a "fashionable" theatre. We imagine that dress and all forms of feminine luxury were never so costly as they are to-day. There have been one or two occasions when a highly organised aristocratic society based itself on forms of intelligence or wit. To-day we should say that a certain flashiness of character, appearance, and habit formed—in Mrs. Asquith's phrase—a sufficient "passport."

THE situation in Portugal is now much clearer. The railway strike ended happily in reasonable concessions to the men. There followed a gas workers' strike in Lisbon, which led to some rather alarming acts of sabotage. Gas escaping from the damaged main pipes exploded in the sewers. The supply has, however, once more been arranged, and the strike is not expected to last long. The Republican Government finds leisure, despite these many trials, to think of other things, and has just issued an edict penalising the duel.

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THE Hull trawlers have most properly appealed to the Foreign Office against the decision of M. Stolypin to introduce a Bill in the Duma closing Russian waters to foreign fishing vessels within a twelve-mile limit. Large vessels have been specially built for the fishing on the Lapland Coast and neighborhood, and the trade is profitable and well-established. The law was recognised last year when a Hull vessel, arrested outside the three-mile limit, was released after a diplomatic protest. The Foreign Office has announced its intention of maintaining the universally recognised three-mile rule. The sequel will be interesting. Since the Potsdam visit Russia seems singularly careless of offending British opinion.

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THE Japanese Court of Cassation has confirmed the sentence of death upon Dr. Kotoku, his wife, and twenty-three other Socialist prisoners, who stood accused of a plot to assassinate the Emperor. The trial has been a disgrace to a country which affects to be civilised. It was conducted from beginning to end with closed doors, and even the prisoners' counsel (who may or may not have been allowed to defend them) were sworn to secrecy. It is not even known what sort of evidence was produced, though confessions are alleged, a fact suggestive of torture. But, in fact, there has been no trial at all. Before the Court of First Instance, which alone examined the evidence of fact, the prisoners were undefended. Then, by a flagrant illegality, the case was carried over the intermediate courts, to the Court of Cassation, which can consider only legal points. A beheading without any form of trial, in the old-fashioned way, would have been more decent than this travesty of the forms of law.

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FOR our part we utterly refuse to believe that Dr. Kotoku can be guilty. He is a man of great intellectual eminence, a Christian, in some of his beliefs a disciple of Tolstoy, and a moral influence in many ways comparable to him. In politics, however, he is not even a philosophic anarchist, but an orthodox Socialist, who played a distinguished part at the Amsterdam Congress, where he fraternised publicly, mid-way in the Russo-Japanese War, with M. Plekhanoff, the Russian Social-Democratic leader. The tale of a plot against the Emperor has evidently been invented to excuse some more than usually cruel persecution of the Socialists—though for that matter freedom of speech and association has been tolerated in Japan only at rare intervals since the granting of the Constitution. The suggestion that the prisoners will only be exiled is clearly designed to deceive European opinion. Exile, we understand, is as impossible as justice in Japan. We have a singular taste in allies. If Japan cares to be regarded with so much as a cold courtesy in this country, these sentences must not be carried out.

* * *

IT would seem as if the Japanese Government had no great love for the British Liberal Party, whose ideals

are apt to be in conflict with those of the governing bureaucracy. There is a newspaper published in English in Yokohama whose *raison d'être* would seem to be the whitewashing of the Japanese Government. During the last few months this journal has maintained a fierce campaign against Mr. Asquith's Administration. Particularly fierce is this journal in attacking the British people for preferring Free Trade to Protection, and for the "smug complacency of ignorance," the "national myopia," and "parochialism" of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's "parish-sodden countrymen." Whether this represents the attitude of the Japanese Government, it is, of course, impossible to say, but the phenomenon is a curious one.

* * *

THE editor of the journal is also the Tokyo correspondent of the "Times." A few months ago this correspondent wired that the questions asked in Parliament regarding the Japanese tariff caused "surprise in Japan as showing grave error," asserted that the revised rates were in some cases lower than the old, and said that "in no case" was there a "conspicuous increase." An exhaustive analysis of the new tariff made by the Foreign Board of Trade at Yokohama has recently been published which shows that the increases of the tariff, especially on British productions, are enormous, amounting to as much as 500 and 600 per cent. in some cases. We suppose the statements originally made by the Tokyo correspondent of the "Times" were in the interest of the Japanese Government. It would be interesting to know if the "Times" has asked him for an explanation.

* * *

DR. MORRISON, the Rector of Marylebone, seems to us to have made the most pertinent comment on the much-discussed case of the old shepherd whom the Home Secretary released from Dartmoor, and who is said to have disappeared. Sir Alfred Wills has rightly spoken of the old man as afflicted with a mania—there is no other word for it—for a special form of petty theft, namely, of stealing small sums from church collecting boxes. Nothing else was known against him, he was a skilled shepherd, and the prison authorities spoke of him as gentle and harmless; loving his sheep and being loved by them. For stealing four shillings he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude and ten years' "detention" under the Preventive Act. We cannot conceive a fitter case for the clemency of the Crown. Sir Alfred Wills discovers a vital difference between penal servitude number one and penal servitude number two, into which this man's sentence was divided. Dr. Morrison, with far greater knowledge than Sir Alfred Wills, insists that the punishments are the same in kind, and that such sentences have the new and bad social effect of making criminals detest the law as thoroughly unjust. Is not this a natural conclusion, for what could be more unjust than to punish a man over again for offences which he has already purged? And what answer to his plea of injustice is it to say that his second punishment is not quite so severe as his first?

* * *

M. BRIAND was twice fired at in the Chamber on Tuesday, by a man named Jizolme, formerly a subordinate judicial clerk, dismissed during M. Briand's tenure of office. The man is insane, and was only lately released from an asylum. M. Briand was fortunately uninjured, but a bystander, M. Mirman, was wounded in the leg. The French Conservative papers are making use of the incident against the Socialists, but M. Briand's assailant had no political motive.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ESSENTIALS OF THE PARLIAMENT BILL.

THE Unionist Press, which during the election nursed the impression that a majority of 126 is the same thing as a tie, has occupied itself since the contest was finished in discussing how its party (having disposed of its leader) should dispose of the fruits of Liberal victory. If we do not rule through the Commons we rule through the Lords, was the older maxim of Unionist politics, and now that it is challenged the formula seems to be: If we rule neither through the Commons nor through the Lords, we rule through the Crown, and if we do not rule through the Crown we rule through Mr. J. L. Garvin. The immediate point of discussion is whether the Lords, who are assumed to be at the disposal of the Unionist wire-pullers now as of old, are in the end to accept the Parliament Bill, or to force on Mr. Asquith the "odious" and "perhaps impossible" task of creating some hundreds of peers. Five hundred is the figure usually mentioned, but this may be taken to include quite 200 men in buckram. Now we do not know what the Unionist Press will settle, but if its writers ever do Liberal journals the honor of glancing over their columns, they may have learnt one thing which they will find worth taking into account. The prospect of creating 300 peers finds Liberals wholly undismayed and completely united.

And let us disabuse the Unionist leaders and Press of their notion, real or affected, that the nation would regard the creation of peers, for the purpose of bringing the recalcitrant majority to reason, as in any way a harsh, or an insulting, or least of all a ridiculous proceeding. We have taken some pains to canvass this point among persons who have some knowledge of the average electorate. Our strong impression is that the only danger the Government would run with the majority of the nation would be through the disappointment of their hopes of a "fight to the finish" with the House of Lords. Is it so remarkable that the House of Lords, as a body, is almost universally unpopular? A House which, in the days of its power, never aimed at securing a friend of necessity finds that, when the hour of misfortune strikes, it lacks even the unjust steward's reserve of interested gratitude to draw upon. And when it comes to an attempt to give a deliberate progressive color to the peers, is the country to draw back in snobbish affright from the spectacle of a body of serious, highly representative men, of acknowledged probity, character, and political and industrial experience, going in to do a necessary—nay, a long overdue—service to representative Government? We think not, and we are certain that the Liberal Party thinks with us. The Government can, in fact, await the decision of the existing peers with entire equanimity. If they wish to have 300 Liberals added to their number, they will have them. With or without the creation of a sufficient number of peers to carry it, the Parliament Bill will go through before the Coronation.

In substance, moreover, it will go through un-

amended. Its authority is something higher than that of a decision of Ministers or of a majority of the House of Commons. Its authority is the deliberate decision of the constituencies, given in ratification of a preliminary decision to the same effect. This is not to say that the doctrine of verbal inspiration applies. It is not to say that discussion is wholly barred. The questions clearly put to the constituencies were (1) Do you desire that the will of the House of Commons should prevail over that of the Lords? (2) Do you agree that this should be effected as to finance without any limitation; as to legislation under the condition of a two years' delay? These are the questions which the constituencies have answered with a perfectly clear affirmative, and on these points no alterations can be accepted. On the other hand, the preamble of the Bill is of a much less precise character. It makes no substantial proposal, but declares an intention and makes a suggestion. The suggestion, or half-suggestion, is that the contemplated scheme of the Bill is of a temporary character—that it is necessitated by the hereditary and non-representative character of the House of Lords. The intention is that of re-constituting the composition of the House of Lords in these respects. Here, as the events of last winter showed, we touch a point upon which Liberal opinion is divided. That there should be some sort of revising chamber is, no doubt, the view of a large majority. An efficient chamber would do useful detail work in drafting. It might substantially act as a standing legislative committee, to which, at a certain stage of their career, all ordinary Bills would be referred for skilful examination in detail. It is also desirable that it should have powers of delay that will secure ample time for public opinion to express itself. But on one point let there be no mistake. Liberalism having once secured the ultimate legislative liberty of the House of Commons, there will be no question of yielding it up again. We may easily obtain a better Second Chamber, but we will not have one that will be more powerful, and if the preamble contains words which can be interpreted as conveying a contrary suggestion, it is very desirable to modify them.

As to the manner in which the Second Chamber should be constituted, there is again room for difference of opinion among those who agree that there should be some Second Chamber armed with real powers. At first sight the proposal of an elected chamber appears the more democratic. But there are powerful considerations to be urged on the other side. A directly elected chamber would in time, if not at first, claim co-equal authority with the House of Commons, and it is not the desire of Liberals that its authority should be equal. It would stand on the letter of its rights, it would be apt to refuse accommodation, and to force the full measure of delay. The legislative machine might not be blocked as it is now, but gravel would be introduced among its wheels to prevent smooth running. Nor is the multiplication of elections conducive to the efficient working of representative government. The Parliament Bill already provides for greater frequency by reducing the life of Parliament to five years, which in practice will probably mean four and a fraction at the

outside. One quadrennial election is enough. It is to be feared that if the Second Chamber were elective, and particularly if its numbers were smaller and the constituencies proportionately larger, it would be chosen with less care, and would fall under the control of the forces of wealth. The Second Chamber should, in our view, owe its existence, directly or indirectly, to the House of Commons. It might, for example, be recruited by election, on a proportional system, by the House of Commons itself, members of Parliament being excluded, and its members, unburdened by any title unless it be that of Privy Councillor, might sit for two Parliaments. In this way it would come to hold the scales with some evenness between parties. It would enjoy high but dependent authority.

But on these points opinions differ, and will differ. There may be some members who in the course of the contest have insisted on the preamble, and consider that they have gained votes by their adherence to the scheme of an elective Second Chamber. Such men would consider themselves bound to vote for the entire Bill, including the preamble, as it stands. There may be others, we are pretty sure that there are, who found the preamble a source of difficulty rather than advantage, and held themselves free to vote on it as they pleased. There will, we think, be many who will dislike committing themselves, even in the vague way which the enunciation of inoperative words may imply, to the intention of some day instituting an elective Second Chamber. Under these circumstances the Government will probably leave the preamble to the unfettered decision of the House. It has, of course, no operative effect. It carries no immediate consequences. It is of the nature of an academic proposition. It cannot, therefore, be allowed to stand in the way of the immediate work in hand, which is that of carrying out the declared will of the people. And that will is for the financial and legislative freedom of the people's House.

THE BASIS OF OUR NAVAL POLICY.

It is highly encouraging to the party of reason and measure in the War Services to find the problem of national defence gradually assuming its true complexion. Two facts of importance have contributed to this result. The first is a general and very creditable disposition of our naval experts and authorities to lay aside the "scare" estimates of 1909, and to speak of the German shipbuilding programme, after two years of close examination, precisely as it stands. Treated in this fashion, it reveals no fact of menace to that commanding naval position to which all parties in this country assent. On the one hand, we have *no* reason for believing that Germany is building, or is able to build, a fleet equal, or anything like equal, to our own, least of all a fleet powerful enough to back an invasion of these shores. On the other hand, we *have* reason to credit her general statement of naval policy. This is that she builds for reasons which, to some extent, leave our own strength out of account—that is to say, for the protection of her sea-going trade, as well as for the enforcement of her general diplomatic position. Thus we are quit of a

political anxiety of some seriousness, and of the whole line of argument which assumes that we have only to go on building in order to stay our rival's hands. The greatest naval nation does, indeed, supply a measure of strength for the inferior nations. Both by its material force and by its disposition and attitude, it standardises their fears and their precautions. But the expansion of German or French or American sea-commerce is also a chief determinant. The "tiring-out" theory is, therefore, a mere irrelevance. Germany counts up her liners and tramps, and so long as their number increases, and the present system of commerce destruction in war is maintained, and is associated with a serious moral and political estrangement from England, she will go on building. If the second factor is lightened, Germany's precautionary building is lightened also, and she avoids an addition to the Naval Law when the slackening period of 1912 begins. If it is aggravated, she may consider herself bound to increase her present provision of great battleships and cruisers. Our statesmen and administrators can say that they are powerless to ameliorate such a situation. But both they and the nation now know its material aspects with some accuracy, and they have no excuse, and we hope no mind, for exaggerating it.

The second fact of consequence in the naval situation is that the Admiralty, following the example of the War Office, has intervened with an authoritative statement of the strategic aims of the British fleet. Sir Ian Hamilton has just written a pamphlet to show that an invading force could easily be repelled on shore, if it ever got there, without resort to conscription. The First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, the greatest of living naval strategists, now writes to say that it could never get there. Mr. Haldane, in his introduction to Sir Ian Hamilton's argument, discussed a raid of 70,000 men as if it were a practicable, though not a probable, proposition. Sir Arthur Wilson goes a step further than this. With "Master Mariner" of the "Contemporary Review," he dismisses the idea of an invasion on even the moderate scale of 70,000 men as "practically impossible." His reasons, delivered as they are with unexampled personal authority, will appear conclusive to all but those who, like the military correspondent of the "Times," desire conscription, or a monster navy, or both, not for purposes of defence, but as engines for the destruction of the German Empire. In brief, Admiral Wilson shows that the enemy could not gather such a force, could not conceal its gathering, could not transport it to our shores in secrecy, could not, even in the case of the absence of half the fighting fleet of battleships and armed cruisers, evade the other half of the fleet, backed by a further line of sea-defence, consisting of a swarm of destroyers and submarines, always at call at their bases. We may well decline to discuss this naval question, now finally stated, with people who, with or without reason, call themselves military experts. We may, if we please, indulge ourselves in the intellectual fantasy of imagining a possible landing of the 70,000, and their wearing down and destruction at the hands of 300,000 or 400,000 Regulars and Territorials, with their reserves. But such a debate would merely be academic. If the Navy "com-

mands the sea" in the Wilson sense, no such expedition can get through. If it fails in such command, and our sea-commerce is intercepted, the nation starves, and its rulers make terms. There is still no invasion, for the mortal blow would have been struck at sea. Sir Arthur Wilson's memorandum assumes that with the present strength of the fleet such an operation is impossible, and that no force but the fleet can avert it. This is the conclusion of Mr. Balfour and the Defence Committee, and of the heads of the two War Services. It is, therefore, practically national and unanimous, and, so far as conscription is concerned, closes the controversy. It has the further merit of depriving the scaremongers of their most lurid and most demoralising appeal. At bottom the nation is concerned about invasion; it is not concerned with aggressive anti-Germanism.

But Sir Arthur Wilson's notes carry us a step further in the process of rationalising our ideas of defence. The only "really serious" danger which they envisage is not invasion, but, as we have said, the interruption of our merchant shipping, or even its destruction. Therefore, the main and immediate object of the fleet must be to conduct so strict a blockade of the enemy that no ship of his could get to sea in order to prey on our commerce in any of its main lines of sea-delivery. This is a familiar idea in our modern naval strategy. What does it precisely cover? Are we to maintain a fleet so enormous, so well provided with every type of offensive strength, that no foreign Power with which we may be at war will dare to show a war vessel's nose outside one of its ports, and must leave its own merchant shipping to be snapped up by our fast cruisers? If this is the argument, we may well despair of inducing Germany to accept such a relationship of naval force, and the war of "peace" armaments must go on, without any ground for British complaint, till the war of shot and shell puts an end to it. But why go on when the main problem of naval strategy concerns itself with commerce protection, or, rather, with commerce destruction? If it is a question of balancing German with English advantage in such a matter, we should have thought that the nation which had the largest and most widely-dispersed mercantile marine, and was most dependent on ocean-borne supplies for her food, had most to gain by ending the right of warring on peaceful vessels at sea. On this point the leaders of British commerce are beginning to speak their mind in a sense hostile, not, we believe, to the policy of the British Government, but certainly to that of the British Admiralty. Is a nation of over-sea traders, with immense stakes as the builders, owners, and insurers of our mercantile marine, not to have its say when a prospect arises of securing the safety of their legitimate property during war-time? Great must be the responsibility of statesmen who would refuse to hear them on such an issue, or to give the utmost weight to their decision.

A NEW GROUPING OF THE POWERS.

SINCE the first discussions of the new fact which has come, through the approach of Russia to Germany, to

modify the European situation, a debate in the French Chamber has added notably to our information. There was, indeed, very little to be gleaned from M. Pichon's exposition of his policy. It was, as this Minister's pronouncements always are, correct and verbally pacific to the last degree. One readily pictures the scene—the orator in the tribune with a nervous audience of deputies beneath him, while among the distinguished strangers in the gallery figured no less than three ex-Foreign Ministers, who now fill the coveted, but distinctly subordinate, position of Ambassador to France. With M. Isvolsky, Signor Tittoni, and Herr von Schoen in front of him, M. Pichon must have smiled inwardly at his own platitudes. Nothing is changed in Europe, and yet those three men have somewhere left a past behind them. The smooth assurances ran their course, for every Foreign Minister is by trade a Pangloss. France had friends in every quarter of the world. The alliance subsisted, the *entente* held firm, Japan was bound by treaty, Italy was a warm friend, and Austria at least a good acquaintance. It followed therefore, as the night the day, that France must increase armaments, cast new cannon, and lay down fresh ships. There is no rose without its thorn, and no alliance without its bayonets. The speech closed, as formal expositions of foreign policy commonly do, without adding anything to the world's knowledge, and we can imagine with what satisfaction the three ex-Foreign Ministers went down to their motor-cars, each thinking of the crisis that had landed him in Paris, and each reflecting with gratitude on the good manners of M. Pichon, who had so politely refrained from saying anything that might have stirred an unpleasant memory. But a day later, in one brief interruption, the fact was divulged for which we all were waiting. M. Jaurès, outspoken, yet not reckless, had put to M. Pichon, in the course of his speech, the plain question whether Russia had consulted France before entering on a negotiation with Germany over the Bagdad Railway and Persia. The answer was unusually frank. France knew that "at Potsdam Persia would be discussed, and inferentially Persian railways. We had no other indications on this subject." M. Jaurès drew the inevitable inference that Russia did not consult beforehand with France, and M. Pichon by his silence confirmed the assumption. This, after all, was the one fact necessary for the appraisement of the new position. It is a vital fact, and it means, as we read it, that the Triple Entente no longer survives in any intimate form.

Let us consider what this admission involves. We take it, as M. Jaurès himself did, that if Russia did not consult her ally, France, she equally neglected her partner, Great Britain. For some years she has pursued a common policy with both in regard to the Bagdad Railway. Brusquely, and without warning, that co-operation ceases. She proceeds to negotiate alone with Germany, and there emerges an agreement in which no interests have been considered save those of Germany and Russia. We need not exaggerate the offence. We do not say that a direct injury has been done either to French or to British interests. Russia has merely

ignored them. She has bargained for her own hand, obtained what she wanted herself, and left her friends, as best they may, to do the like for themselves. After arranging with this country for a sort of partition of Persia, she has extracted from Germany a recognition of her own share in the deal, without apparently attempting to obtain Germany's ratification of the whole bargain. The Russian zone is now recognised by Germany, but of the neutral zone and the British zone she has taken no cognisance. Similarly, in the case of the Bagdad Railway, she has consented to support it, put her veto on such branch lines as she disliked, and obtained the branch line which she desired, without considering either the French wishes regarding the internationalisation of the company, or the British wishes in regard to the terminus. France and Great Britain are free, indeed, to make a similar deal for themselves. But the era of co-operation is thus far closed. No treaty, so far as we know, has been violated, and no formal breach of faith has been committed. What has happened is merely that Russia, having got from us all that she wanted, and more than we had a right to give, has exhausted the advantages of the connection, and now turns, without an open rupture or a definite breach of arrangements, to extract all the advantages that can be derived from a close association with Germany. The arrangement with us in Persia, no doubt, subsists. She will expect us to tolerate her occupation of the Northern provinces. She will, doubtless, raise no obstacles if we are minded to outrage Persian independence in the South.

The incident serves to illustrate all the risks of the new method which our diplomacy has adopted since Lord Lansdowne first initiated the system. The formula is simple and a little ingenuous. One concludes with a Power a precise bargain at the expense of a weak State, in the hope and expectation that she will repay the service by becoming, in fact if not in name, a European ally. Our diplomacy became obsessed with its terror of Germany. It forged a link with France at the expense of Morocco which still, we believe, holds firm. It thought to forge a link with Russia in Persia which would be equally serviceable in ranging Russia within the Triple League. It was from the first a calculation as short-sighted as it was immoral. Russia is not a Power with whom one can contract on these confidential and trustful lines. She is not a unity. She exhibits at once all the strength and the weakness of an autocracy that obeys neither Parliamentary criticism nor public opinion. Her policy is the plaything of Court intrigues and bureaucratic rivalries. M. Isvolsky struggled, we can well believe, against the more reactionary influences which preferred, for domestic reasons, a close association with Germany to an understanding with Great Britain. He was defeated and expelled, and it is clear to-day that under M. Sazonoff a new policy has been adopted.

The situation which now faces us is inevitably an anxious one. A Power cannot build its whole diplomacy on a combination which crumbles at the first rude proof, without exposing itself to losses and dangers in the period of re-adjustment. Russia, it is true, cannot dispense with the French alliance, which is more

a money-lending, than a military, arrangement, and, while that holds, we have probably nothing worse to expect from her than an absence of active support. We must expect a literal and local interpretation of treaties. The Persian bargain holds, but there is nothing in it to prevent the formation in some shape of a Holy Alliance of the three Empires to dominate Turkey and the Near East. Grave as that menace is to Turkish liberties, we must not expect that the Turks will turn readily to us for friendship, so long as we maintain our veiled pretensions to a sphere of influence in Mesopotamia. We have sanctioned the settlement of Russia in Persia, and it must be with mixed feelings to-day that our Foreign Office remembers that, only a few weeks ago, it was smiling on the project of a Russian trunk railway through Persia to the Indian frontier. Such incidents as the threatened closing of the White Sea to British trawlers are a warning of the scant regard even for long-established British interests which we may expect from our new partner in her new mood. Nearer home, the pretension of Holland, it can only be supposed with Germany behind her, to close the Scheldt by fortifying Flushing, must lead, as M. Pichon put it, to conversations at which more ears will be present than voices. A position such as this permits of no fumbling management. We cannot go on as though nothing had happened since the hey-day of our dubious successes. As little does it permit of aggressive handling, where the first false move must expose our French friends to dangers which we could do nothing effective to avert. The time has come for a survey and an arrangement. When once the fashion has been set of going to Potsdam, it is the part of wisdom to adopt it. There are the materials of another Bagdad treaty which would go far to end the whole unrest.

THE OUTCRY AGAINST ANARCHISTS.

THE battle of Stepney has involved as its inevitable sequel a violent agitation against foreign immigrants and a demand for fresh legislation to keep them out. By the most audacious cookery of facts and figures England is presented as the great receptacle of all the refuse population of the Continent, free quarters for all the anarchists, criminals, paupers, and adventurers who leave their country for their country's good. The two hundred thousand Russians, Poles, and Germans, falsely computed to inhabit Whitechapel and Stepney, are denounced in one breath as composed of these predatory, dangerous classes, in the next as laborious and thrifty workers, whose low standard of living is injurious to less laborious and more thrifless English competitors in the low-skilled trades. Every item in this presentation of "facts" is false. In the first place, England is not flooded by foreigners. As we showed in an earlier issue, the last census revealed us almost at the bottom of the list of industrial nations in the proportion of our foreign population. It is true that a very large proportion of the new-comers settle in East London, and in a few similar quarters of

other great industrial centres. But there is no warrant whatever for regarding their presence as a menace to our public order, or a burden upon our resources, or as an injury to our native workers. The criminality of the alien is, of course, in this, as in every other country, a little higher than that of the native population as a whole, though probably lower than that of the English population on the same economic level. Moreover, the proportion of serious crimes, especially against the person, is much smaller among the poorer aliens than among the poorer native inhabitants. Nor has any recent change for the worse been taking place. On the contrary, the foreign contribution towards convicted criminals has been steadily falling during the last few years. Finally, the evidence collected by Mr. Charles Booth and other more recent investigators shows that the charge that these aliens displace British workers by underbidding them is equally baseless. Except in a few instances where foreign male labor has been substituted for English female labor in sweated industries, there has been hardly any such displacement. The alien labor has led to the establishment of new industries; some of them low-grade in character, but not otherwise detrimental to the interests of English workers.

No one, indeed, possessing the least acquaintance with the meaning of anarchism, or the ways of anarchists, could associate the term with the Sidney Street criminals. There are, of course, two schools, or, one might rather say, two tempers, of anarchism. The philosophic anarchist is essentially a moral idealist. He is opposed to governments and laws because they are founded upon and executed by physical force. The State, with its army, police, and courts of justice, he conceives as the enemy of those moral forces of comradeship, affection, and co-operation by which alone a free and healthy human society can be maintained. He therefore wishes to stand aside from Government, to deny allegiance to the State, to refuse military service, to have no dealings with the law, even for the protection of his life and property. Such men have sometimes lived in co-operative groups with community of property, usually preyed upon by rogues who have taken advantage of their physical and legal defencelessness. Tolstoy expressed the very spirit of this anarchism, and the few men most likely to admit the title anarchist would belong to this peaceable, unworldly type—men who, so far from being dangerous characters, are “too good for this world.” The other type of anarchist is of a more vigorous and coarser nature, sometimes, indeed, professing the same ultimate creed, but primarily an active rebel against the political and economic order of society, and sometimes willing to use violent instruments for the destruction of the system that he hates. These men are seldom, if ever, of criminal disposition, in the sense of those who take to acts of violence to gain some purely personal end. They are usually men of unstable temper, with a narrow, heightened vision of the misery and injustice of life, and seized with a fanatical desire for vengeance. A tyrannical system like that of Russia manufactures many such out of the fiercer sorts of human nature. A few doubtless find their way into this country. But anarchism of the

dangerous order thrives only in lands of despotism. Precisely because England has admitted men of all opinions freely and without inquiry, precisely because she has permitted them to live in liberty and to enjoy the liberal atmosphere of English life, she has suffered very little from the violence which repressed fanaticism is liable to generate.

There is nothing to associate the physical-force anarchist with burglaries or murderous outbreaks of the Stepney order. There may be criminals who screen their practices by simulating political motives, but the police have offered no evidence on this point. Even if they had, no case could be made out for imposing political tests upon aliens. We might, no doubt, if we were minded, follow the childish example set by the United States and require all visitors before landing in our ports to sign a declaration denying they are anarchists. This might keep out a few high-minded, scrupulous men like Kropotkin or Réclus; it would hardly be effective in keeping out “Peter the Painter.” The way in which such a law would in effect be administered would be to allow foreign political detectives to stand at all our landing-stages, in order to denounce as undesirables men whom they alleged to have incurred the ill-will of their Government. We should have virtually handed over the liberty of asylum for political and religious refugees, which our country has enjoyed for centuries, to the agents of foreign despots. For we could not check the statements of these detectives, nor could the immigrant refute so vague a charge.

But were we to lend an ear to any such demands of our panic-makers, our capital error would be that we should be stopping that fertilising flood of foreign blood and foreign thought to which the industrial and social progress of this country has owed more in the past than to any other single cause. For it is only necessary to read the history of the growth of any of our staple trades, in the older textile, metal, clothing trades, or in the new chemical, electric, and other scientific manufactures, to trace in every one of them the contribution of some alien, driven from his country by some religious or political persecution, and converted into what the police authorities of his country would call an anarchist. Nor is it only the industries of our country which have thriven upon alien skill and alien ideas. Still more important have been the alien contributions to our learning and achievement in the professions and the fine arts. Monarchs and statesmen of alien blood have aided in building up our constitution, and in framing our policy. We cannot even conduct a great political controversy, such as that which the fiscal question evolved, without seeking champions for both sides in men of alien blood. It is, of course, allowable for every nation to protect its people against known and clearly ascertainable criminals, against persons tainted by communicable diseases, and against persons likely to become burdens upon our rates. But to press forward political restrictions upon the admission of foreigners upon so irrelevant a case as that of the Sidney Street desperadoes is an outrage to sober policy and common-sense.

Life and Letters.

THE BLACK CAT AND CHRISTOPHER WREN.

WITH a musical note, that is something between a purr and a call, the black cat has leaped on to the table before us. It is a question which we are never tired of pondering how far that particular cry is a conscious effort of her will. She makes it as she jumps towards us, and it seems to be the mere symbol of her motion in the world of sound. It is the velvet creaking of her body. It is the noise that emanates from the sinuous movement of her back and the sure adjustments of her graceful and expressive limbs. She has walked round the table with the indirectness and irrelevance that is half the charm of cats. Presently she thrusts a wet nose against our chin with a fierce caress. And then she turns to a little vase of violets. She sniffs at it, and her first sensation is one of revolt from the very excess of the stimulus. But she returns. She smells the fragrance again and yet again. Now, with a gesture of gratitude and pleasure, she arches her back and rubs against the vase and the leaves, as though to render back to the violets by the pressure of her soft hair and her voluptuous body something of the pleasure she has received. Mysterious little sybarite, is it a disinterested aesthetic joy that stirs the tiny brain behind her yellow eyes? But she has anticipated the question. We look again at the delicate aesthete. A four-footed beast with sharp, white teeth and a carmine mouth is chewing the flowers, persuaded that anything which smells so good must needs be nice to eat. We whistle to her. She has a well-defined taste in music. Low notes do not affect her. But to high and piercing strains she responds at once. Sing to her, as best you may, the bird's call to Siegfried, and at once she will stand up. At first she is startled. Then she purrs. She settles down before you, and with an out-stretched paw, as graceful as the shoulder of a girl by Greuze, she touches your lips. At length she answers, as she answered the violets, by pressing her elegant body against your cheek. In what did her pleasure differ from yours? To the sequence of sounds she seems to be indifferent. She betrays no distress if you stop mid-way in an uncompleted phrase. Yet something it certainly means for her. Her emotions are stimulated, her senses are flattered.

On the table before us, beside the black cat and the vase of violets, lies "Art's Enigma." The portentous title takes form before our eyes. It is not a sphinx. It is nothing alarming or mythological. It is simply a furry little beast which seems, in some dim way, because she has senses and sex, to be capable of aesthetic pleasures. What is Art? Mr. Jameson, in this volume of essays which has just come from the Bodley Head, is busied on a plane of high seriousness with this inflated question. He attempts to settle it, as though biology were an unknown study, and the instincts of animals and savages a field too wild for the steps of a cultured man, by a process of Platonic definition. He sets out in search of the common element of all the arts, and he finds it, partly in formalism, and partly in bad psychology. Perhaps there is something common to all the arts. Perhaps there is Art, with a capital A and a pattern laid up in Heaven. But, when at last we have chased the thin abstraction, forced her to leave her robe in one chamber, her voice in another, and her skeleton in a third, what is there in the thin ghost which at last accepts our analytic embrace? One might as well ask, What is Science? and proceed to search for a common definition which would enfold at once the Sixth Book of Euclid and "The Origin of Species." Science has, indeed, a unity. Physics must be read with biology, and biology with chemistry and astronomy, if you would frame a notion of an ordered and reasonable Universe. But art is a pleasant estate of many separate meadows. You may realise Ibsen without concerning yourself with the Post-Impressionists. You may be color-blind, and yet have a nice ear for

the diatonic scale. It is a pure assumption that any general definition which is worth the framing, any speculation which is worth pursuing, shall apply at once to "Clay-hanger" and St. Paul's, to "The Wild Duck" and Whistler's "Mother." Why, in the name of common-sense, should one law bind us when we construct a play and dance a gavotte? What is there in common between the telling of a story and the record of an impression in greys and reds seen on the Thames at sunset? We have made "art's enigma" simply by our perverse assumption that there is Art at all. There is a manner of telling stories. There is a way of writing songs. One may generalise about cathedrals. There is much that an intelligent man may say of symphonies. But what is Art? Is it anything at all?

This somewhat irritable question is the only articulate remark which Mr. Jameson's discursive volume has stirred in us. But it is none the less a question which, precisely because it is so elementary, is emphatically worth the putting. In all his rambling talk about Whistler and Ruskin and Ibsen and Irving, Mr. Jameson has a definite tendency to enforce, and a positive criterion to apply. He starts with the most formal of all the arts, analyses the pleasure of music indifferently well, and then proceeds to apply the definition of art which he has drawn from tunes to Ibsen and some others. His tendency is anti-rational and impressionist. It serves him well in some acute and sensible remarks about acting and painting. It is quite easy, when you have drawn a definition from the more sensuous arts, to turn and rend Ibsen for attempting a criticism of life in his plays. We shall not pause to explain how totally Mr. Jameson has failed to understand even the more obvious things in the simpler works of Ibsen. What really interested us was the collapse of the impressionist theory, when Mr. Jameson, who certainly is a competent connoisseur, turned to discourse of architecture.

A theory of aesthetics, which treats every work of "art" as an impression, drives out the reason with knotted cords from the Temple, and erects in its place a sub-conscious "faculty" of imagination, may dogmatise plausibly about painting and poetry and even about music. It condemns what does not suit its canons. It thrusts out programme music and problem plays and novels with a moral. Enough is left to serve it for plausible illustrations. It is still possible to argue that we take our aesthetic pleasures as the black cat smelt the violets, that we record "impressions" and receive them, and that the intellect is more or less dormant in the process. But if Art is One (pardon the capitals) the whole theory goes to pieces on the dome of St. Paul's. Mr. Jameson has not been able to repress his sound technical knowledge. He has written a very readable chapter illustrated by many diagrams to prove that renaissance architecture is bad art. The case is perfectly simple and clear. Schlegel said that architecture is frozen music. St. Paul's, as it happens, is a frigid and calculated lie. The exterior is a false boast which the interior fails to substantiate. The great Dome which dominates London with its secular mendacity is not a dome at all. It is a confection, a piece of millinery draped around a cone. The upper storey of the Cathedral's wall is a lie to hide the buttresses. The lintels above the sham pilasters and the Corinthian capitals are falsehoods to belie the arches. The whole effect, in short, is one of decoration which has no reasonable relation to structure. Instead of being, as a Gothic cathedral is, an honest rendering of strains and weights and stresses, St. Paul's is an ornamented surface which hides its mechanical problems. The indictment is perfectly familiar, and it has caused generations of architects to shake their heads, while generations of plain men continued to enjoy their simple pleasures of sight. The dome, after all, still dominates London. It is still a triumphant artifice above the Thames. The pilasters and the arches in all their rhythmical unreason are a symmetrical pattern which delights the eye. There is balance and harmony, ornament and strength. We receive our "impression," and what care we that Wren hid his bastard buttresses, or bound the dome with a chain, or sustained it on a cone! Does that impair our

emotional satisfaction? Do we feel the less that the puny hand of man has triumphed over weights and masses, erected its imperishable patterns in mid-air, and flouted gravitation with a firmament of stone? Why should we apply to pediments and colonnades any other criteria than we apply to mural paintings or sculptured ornaments? They are decorations which please the eyes. If art is "impressionism," an emotional unity devised by the "imagination," what business has the understanding to unmask the stony lies of Sir Christopher Wren? As well complain that paintings which look like outline and light are in reality nothing but color.

Mr. Jameson and the Impressionist school, it seems to us, must make their choice. If they mean to banish reason, they must not criticise the dome of St. Paul's. It looks exactly like a dome. We have no business to know that it is not a globular arch. Or else they must surrender Art and its Unity, and concede that the understanding has a function in architecture, which they will not allow to it in music and painting. For our part we refuse to dogmatise. "Impressions," whatever they may mean, are relative to the alertness of the perceiving mind. If Wren was building to please cultivated architects, he made a colossal miscalculation. If he meant to overawe the generations of simple men and women who have worshipped amid the stone generals and the marble admirals, shopped around the Churchyard, and gazed at his dome from bridges of which he had not dreamed, then, indeed, he builded well. The artist must choose between the black cat and her master. And the master is not content to receive an impression. He gives to the thing which pleases him an independent life. He conceives the cathedral as an organic and substantial creation. It pains him to know that there is a lie in its stones. The black cat, as we write, has overturned the vase of violets. She still coquets around them, and brushes against them, and smells them. They are for her a purple smell. As well let them lie prone and starving for water. Her master gathers them up and restores the normal laws of their existence. For him they are living things.

THE FATHER OF EUGENICS.

BETWEEN the men of first-rate genius, the Newtons, Darwins, and Clerk-Maxwells, who strike out fundamental novelties of conception and initiate our epochs of thought, and the scientific specialists who do the spadework in the advance of knowledge, there exists an intermediate class of fertile and original minds, by whom much of the pioneer thinking is done. Of this type, in which England is especially fruitful, was Sir Francis Galton, whose long, varied, and brilliant career closed, we regret to say, this week. Galton touched many departments of knowledge—meteorology, ethnology, by-paths of curious and useful inquiry such as "finger-prints," certain sides of psychology, and in all he had something suggestive and original to say. But his principal work was in biology. The cousin of Charles Darwin, he was among the first to give to the Darwinian principle of natural selection the extended application which it has received at the hands of an important school of contemporary biologists. He is the link between Darwin and Weissmann. Darwin's great contribution to the theory of evolution was the definiteness with which he apprehended and the wealth of knowledge with which he applied the principle of natural selection. But with characteristic candor and caution he refrained from claiming too much for his own hypothesis. He saw clearly that natural selection will not explain everything, and he left room for the operation of something like the Lamarckian principle in a modified shape. He supposed that the effect of the environment on the individual, leading to the use of one part or organ and the disuse of another, might have a permanent effect upon the stock. In modern technical language, he supposed that "modification" or "acquired characters" might be inherited, and he sought thereby to fill up some of the balance left by natural selection in his theory. Galton was among the first who seriously

challenged this side of the theory, and so gave rise to a doctrine which was more Darwinian than Darwin's. He was struck by the weakness of the ordinary evidence on which the theory of the transmission of acquired character relies, and his investigations pointed to the view subsequently developed by Weissmann, which sharply distinguishes germinal variations from all changes produced in the individual by the environment. Galton and Weissmann are, in fact, the two principal names in the later development of pure Darwinism.

The Galtonian development of the theory was of no small importance in sociology, and it is, in fact, around its sociological applications that a good deal of the battle has been waged. If environment has no hereditary effects, it follows that a healthy stock may grow up in bad surroundings, a virtuous stock in criminal surroundings, an intelligent stock in an atmosphere of dense ignorance. It is true that each successive generation of individuals may be very adversely affected by the environment as it grows up, but the stock itself will not be tainted. There was here an element of hope for those who were impressed by the bad conditions under which a large part of our population are doomed to live. But there was another side to the picture. If environment had no effect upon racial quality, the improvement of the environment, social progress as we ordinarily understand it, would do nothing for the improvement of the race. It might affect the individual life, but would leave the new generation to begin again precisely where it was before. Worse remained behind. It was argued that the method by which, and by which alone, the race improves was the elimination of the unfit, that a good deal of the humanitarian legislation by which we seek to improve social conditions involved the suspension of the struggle for existence, and that it tended accordingly to keep the unfit alive, and help them to maintain their stock. We thus arrived at the paradox that by advancing civilisation and improving the conditions of life, we were fostering the degradation of the race. Argument based on this principle has, in fact, been the stock-in-trade of the opponents of social reform since the work of Galton and Weissmann became popularly known.

It is to the lasting honor of Galton that he did not let the matter rest in this unsatisfactory condition. He did not, in our judgment, follow the method which would have led him to the fundamental solution of the difficulty—a method which would have led to a reconstruction of the whole theory of natural selection as applied in the science of society. But he did recognise that civilisation cannot be left to defeat itself in the fashion supposed. Mankind cannot abandon itself to the struggle for existence without dissolving whatever of order, of justice, of mercy, of mutual aid has been evolved in the course of ages. His solution of the difficulty was to substitute for natural selection a deliberate, rational, human selection of the types most worthy to survive. Not the "fittest" in the biological sense, *i.e.*, those who, for whatever reason, good or bad, social or anti-social, secure the firmest foothold in life, but the best in the social sense, those most able to serve mankind, were to be the stocks whose growth we should encourage. To the science and art concerned with such selection he gave the name of Eugenics, and that young and vigorous movement is Galton's creation.

In the studies preliminary to Eugenics, Galton also did a pioneer's work. It is to him more than to any man that the statistical study of problems of inheritance is due. Of the precise value of this method for its purpose it is difficult as yet to form a judgment. Some of Galton's disciples have applied his method in a temper unworthy of scientific men, and have thereby brought about an inevitable reaction. Furthermore, during the last fifteen years the experimental method has been applied by the schools of Bateson and De Vries with brilliant and far more secure results, and it seems probable in the future that statistical calculations will find a more legitimate place as a method ancillary to that of direct experimental research. Galton is not to be held responsible for the vagaries of his disciples, but it may be doubted whether some of his

own discoveries will stand the full application of the inductive tests. In the elaboration of their mathematical calculations statisticians too often fall into a fallacy of which Huxley warned them long ago. They treat loose and uncertain data by very precise methods, and, by the time that they have reached the end of the process, forget that, however certain the method, the conclusion itself can have no greater validity than the premises. The conditions of life, particularly of civilised human life, are so complex, the causes which go to make the individual what he is are so multifarious and so cunningly interwoven, that it requires the utmost art to disentangle them; and it may well be doubted whether statistical comparisons, which take men in the gross and depend on the numerical frequency with which certain qualities are conjoined or disjoined, can ever do more than suggest hypotheses which experiment may verify and correct. It is probable, therefore, that if Eugenics has a future, it will not be on the statistical lines laid down by Galton and followed with ardor by his disciples. It will depend on the far more definite knowledge of the measurably hereditary character of definite qualities which experimental methods may yield. Much more will have to be known about heredity before we can safely apply biological conceptions in the art of practical statesmanship, and it is probable that the future development of our ideas of heredity will not move on the lines or by the methods specifically suggested by Galton.

That, none the less, he has done great service to science remains undisputed. The value of a hypothesis does not depend wholly on its truth. It depends on its power to stimulate and guide inquiry. If the result of the inquiry is an ascertained theory which contradicts the original hypothesis, it is not to be kicked aside like the ladder, but recorded in the history of science as one of the steps which led to truth. In that history Galton's conceptions have an assured place, whatever be the position which they may occupy in the system of reasoned truth which constitutes the very remote goal to which our biologists strive. They can do harm only when prematurely erected into dogmas defended with the zeal of faith and by the method of Jesuits.

FIDELITY REWARDED.

A HUNDRED-AND-FIVE years ago, a shepherd on Helvellyn discovered the wasted body of a man, still guarded by his dog, though three months had passed since he fell from the ice-coated rocks. Wordsworth and Scott, hearing of the incident, were so much touched by the animal's fidelity that both wrote poems on the subject, unknown to each other. Scott's poem was a piece of fine rhetoric that schoolboys used to repeat—mere rhetoric, except that, as Wordsworth noticed, it contained the beautiful lines:—

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garments, how oft didst thou start?"

Wordsworth's poem is also well known. But more remarkable than the verses of the two poets was the sympathy of a shepherd, who expressed the thought of Wordsworth's concluding lines with such exactness that he appeared to have read them, though he had not, and had probably never heard of the poet:—

"How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate!"

So the traveller in those old days died on the cliffs of Helvellyn; so his body was watched by a dog, whose fidelity moved two of the noblest minds of the country to record its praise, and moved the mountain shepherd to marvel at an almost superhuman affection. It was an incident hardly less honorable to poets and shepherds who appreciated the beauty of it, than to the dog itself: for to perceive a fine action is, in a sense, to share its honor.

Nor has the incident been without a modern parallel. Last week Mr. William Hyatt, under the

depression of influenza, killed himself in St. Bartholomew's Close, in the City, and his bulldog bitch, described as a beautiful and very good-tempered animal, stood on guard beside his body in the room. At sight of the dog keeping her faithful watch, the landlord ran to the police for assistance. The police half opened the door, and also saw the dog. One of them fetched a ladder, and, peering through the window, saw the dog again. He reported her as looking very ferocious, and came down. He and other police officers then drilled a hole in the door, and still they saw the dog. The situation was growing embarrassing, when an Inspector, as a last resource before calling up the Scots Guards from the Tower, suggested poison. No sooner said than done. A chemist supplied strychnine, in which bread was soaked. But the infuriated animal, hungering for flesh and blood, turned up her tip-tilted nose still further at bread. Meat was supplied, and this also was soaked in the poison and carefully inserted through the hole in the door. The dog devoured it, and, in the language of the evidence, "it bucked the animal up at first, and then it died." For strychnine is a tonic, but it is possible to take too much of it, in which case it kills with great agony, accompanied by violent spasmodic contraction of the spine. And the moral of the story is that dogs have not degenerated.

Their treatment by man has changed, but dogs have not degenerated. This bulldog bitch was maintaining the fine tradition of her race. It is true that, from the earliest recorded time, mankind has recognised in the dog something akin to himself, something peculiarly human. By the Hebrews the dog was compared with men of contemptible baseness. The Greeks used a dog as an expressive type of human shamelessness, and as a byword for some people's neglect of the decencies of civilisation. On the other hand, while the dog has been classed with cynics, as indifferent to outward show, he has been also compared with human snobs, who judge everything by appearances. He has had it both ways. His hatred of poverty has been recognised. Like Mr. Bernard Shaw, he regards poverty as a crime, a thing to be barked at. One of Lear's many sorrows was that his own dogs, *Tray*, *Blanche*, and the rest, barked at him in his fallen estate, just as though they had been human beings. He also speaks of the farmer's dog that barks at a beggar, and he looks back on the old days when "they flattered me like a dog." At the same time, in that very play, Shakespeare, who never cared much for dogs, shows with what pity and loving kindness a really beautiful nature would treat them, in spite of these human characteristics. "Mine enemy's dog," says Cordelia, thinking of the storm to which her father had been exposed—"Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, should have stood that night against my fire": and it will be observed that, though he had actually bit her, and not merely looked ferocious, she makes no mention of meat soaked in strychnine.

But, in the midst of the many evil qualities which he possesses in common with mankind, all generations have perceived in the dog glimpses of higher things—such glimpses as sometimes are believed to visit man. Anubis, who after death tested the balance that weighed the heart of an Egyptian's soul, was depicted with a dog-like head, as though the dog was particularly endowed with the instinct of fair play. Homer, though he adopted the conventional Greek view that dogs are as shameless as men and women, felt a close sympathy with them, and we need not dwell on the familiar scene of Argos lying on the muck-heaps, full of fleas, because the sluttish maids had not looked after him properly (a touch that supports Samuel Butler's view about the authoress of the *Odyssey*); and how, when Ulysses came back after twenty years, the old dog wagged his tail and dropped his ears, though his master was disguised as a beggar, and dogs regard poverty as a crime to bark at: and how he departed in peace that very hour, having seen his desire. And as for Plato, others might call dogs cynical, but he called them philosophers, because they can infallibly distinguish friend from foe, and know what's what. Time would fail to tell of Llewellyn's *Gelert*, or of the

hounds of Finn that hunted Ireland with the unerring trackers of the clan Navan, or of the hound who guarded the standard in "The Talisman," or of Scott's own Maida, or of Mrs. Bingley's dog, who wore Swift's inscription on his collar, or of Browning's dog that first saved the child and then fished up her doll, or of the dachshund whose dirge was sung by Matthew Arnold, or of the "Dandy" whom George Meredith, at the close of his life, loved more than any breathing thing, or of M. Bergeret's Riquet, or of the Shepherd's Last Mourner, who inspired even Landseer with something like greatness. And so we rise to Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven, with persistent, following feet.

"My God! I'd rather be a hound than an Archbishop!" exclaimed a squire in a moment of irreverent enthusiasm, and on coming out from a meeting of highly-educated gentleman, Archbishop Whateley himself was heard to remark, "The more I see of men, the more I like dogs." Though he has so much in common with man, the dog appears to be raised by certain qualities above the common level of man and the other animals. They raise him even above cats, who are otherwise so superior in untamed self-sufficiency and indifference to conventions. And of all these qualities the most admired has always been his fidelity to his human friend. The fidelity may be quite unreasonable and unjustified. It may be lavished on Bill Sykes as much as on William Wordsworth. That does not matter. Unjustified and unreasonable as love or any other supreme passion, it possesses the same power of transfiguration. A pointer, who did not show special discernment as a rule (for at sight of a peacock in a London park he used to suffer the pointer's epileptic seizure and raise a quivering paw, as though shooting the County Council's peacocks were legitimate sport)—this indiscriminating pointer, meeting the present writer as his former friend after many years' absence, leapt upon him, flung his arms round his neck, kissed him as though he never could stop, and circled round him at express speed, uttering short cries of an abandonment of ecstasy such as parted souls might feel on meeting in Paradise. It was unreasonable; it was inhuman; for no human being could have felt such joy, or could have expressed it so. It was a pathetic evidence of the mournful truth that to his dog a man is like a god. But it is just for that unreasonable quality, that transfiguring joyfulness of affection, that the dog has always received man's favor and admiration. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!" It is not a reasonable attitude, but it is the attitude of the commonest dog, as well as of the adoring saint.

"Something strange has happened to the great being whom I worship," thought the bull-dog bitch; "He lies on the ground without moving. He does not pat me when I lick his face. He does not beat me when I jump on the table. He does not have his breakfast and give me bits to eat now and then. He just lies still, and is growing cold. Something must have happened, but, no doubt, if I stop beside him it will all come right. Everything always comes right if I stop beside him. . . . Ah! here comes a being I know. He shall not come near if I can help it. My master never seemed very pleased to see him, and he is probably a sinner. He slinks away; my master still lies motionless. . . . Hullo! there is another being looking in at the window! We do not know him. He is probably a thief who wants to eat our breakfast. He shall not come near if I can help it. He climbs down and we are safe again. But my master still lies motionless. . . . Hullo! there is a being looking through the chink of the door! There are several beings, all dressed in absurd clothes. They smell strange. We do not know them. Probably they are dangerous. They shall not come near my master if I can help it. I wish he would wake up and make the nice noise he does when he barks. . . . Hullo! they have made a hole in the door! Actually scratched a hole in the door, and my master doesn't beat them! Things are very strange this morning, and I am getting so hungry! . . . The beings are pushing something through the hole. It is the food of great beings. It is not for me, and my master does not move. . . . Now they are pushing something else through.

That is what I eat. I will take some. Perhaps they are not so bad after all, but I must still be careful. They shall not come near. Oh, I am so hungry! This food tastes rather queer, but it's quite good, and I feel the better for it. All these beings that are something like my master are really very kind to me. . . . Oh, what pain! What pain! My inside! My poor inside! Oh, master, master, save me! What anguish! Save me, my only friend, my master, my god! Look, I lie at your side! Save me from this torment. My back! My back!" But her master did not move, and man had neither courage nor pity. Such was her reward for maintaining the noblest traditions of her race and affording to mankind another example of that love sublime, that strength of feeling, great above all human estimate. And yet it is a quality that some people have claimed for man!

THE NAMES OF FAIR LADIES.

It is no small crime to give a child an ugly or vulgar and trivial name. In the case of a baby girl especially, it is possible to choose a name which will be like giving her some priceless ornament of pearls and silver, of gems and gold. The names of fair ladies shine like stars in all the poetry of the world. There are names that add a grace to the loveliest lady who bears them. A fresh beauty and value, again, is given to the name by the fact that it has been hers, just as the associations of the choicest gem become richer and more varied by the succession of those who have worn it.

By the poetry of the world, the writer here means the poetry of Europe, and of the two forces that made Europe. Leila and Zuleika, for instance, are alien from us; either Ruth or Helen is utterly homelike. Ruth was already an English maiden when the song of the nightingale found a path through her sad heart:

"When sick for home,
She stood breast high amid the alien corn."

What Poë wrote of Helen may be said of the very name:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nican barks of yore
That gently o'er the perfumed sea
The weary wave-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore."

"On desperate seas long wont to roam
Thy Hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
The grandeur that was Rome."

That the European tradition still survives, at least in some corners, even outside of Latin lands, is shown by the astonishing and delightful fact, mentioned by "Fiona Macleod" in one of her books, that "beautiful as the Greek woman" is a proverb in the Gaelic-speaking Hebrides. Mr. J. M. Synge, again, we know not with what truth, makes his Irish peasants talk familiarly of "the Lady Helen of Troy."

The poem of Europe, however, is, of course, the Christian story, and here, too, the name of a lady, the Lady of all ladies, for two thousand years has shone out like a star, Stella Maris, or

"The light on a harbour's breast
Over the sea of the world's unrest."

The name of Mary is itself beautiful, and it gives a superlative beauty to many other names when joined with them. Can words be sweeter than "Rose Mary," "Stella Mary," "Agnes Mary"? "Mary Anne" is a name of singular beauty. Rossetti speaks of the five handmaids of Mary

"Whose names
Are five sweet symphonies
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalene,
Margaret and Rosalys."

Of these the name of "Margaret" is undoubtedly the most beautiful—we think the most beautiful of all names after "Mary." No other name would so perfectly fit the poet's picture:

"Margaret sitting glorious there
In glory of gold, and glory of hair,
And glory of glorious face most fair."

It is a name fit for that "Marguerite des Marguerites" of whom Michelet writes so entrancingly. One can never decide which of the three forms is most beautiful, "Margaret," "Marguerite," or "Marjorie." "Margaret" is the most royal and stately; "Marguerite," perhaps, the most actually beautiful; while "Marjorie" has a fragrant, homely sweetness all its own. "Margot," again, is quaintly delightful. But an English lady should always be called by an English name. Why say "Marie" instead of "Mary"? As to "Maria" (especially with the usual English pronunciation), there seems no excuse for using it. The English form of a name, moreover, is nearly always more beautiful than the Latin one. "Cecily," for instance, is a sweet old English name all too seldom used. It is much pleasanter to the ear than "Cecilia." It was very common in old England:—

"Call forth your gossips by and by,
Elinor, Joan, and Margery,
Margaret, Alice, and Cecily."

For gentle or simple, can these old English names be bettered? "Joan" has the distinction of a superb simplicity. Another beautiful old English name was "Anne." When the word is written "Ann" the beauty of the name is obscured. There is a horror often perpetrated among the poor—to wit, "Jane Ann." "The Lady Anne" calls up a figure, courtly, yet very gentle, with soft brown eyes. Some names go especially well with the title "Lady"—"the Lady Joan," "the Lady Anne," "the Lady Betty."

The majority of the names used in the Middle Ages were, no doubt, those of the handmaids of Mary—such names as those in the list recited in the Canon of the Mass, "Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecily, Anastasia." "Felicity," the English form of the first of these, is a lovely name, and is still occasionally used. "Sibyl," of course, refers to the wise priestesses who, in Pagan lands, announced the far-off Birth, and whose mystic utterances were gathered up and made visible in the Bethlehem Star. "Rosamond" has, no doubt, a Christian reference, but it seems to express the world's delight in itself breaking into flower. One cannot imagine a name more laden with romance. "Rosamond's bower" brings a scent of Provence roses down through the centuries. The tomb which her royal lover decked with cloths of silk, and adorned with burning lamps and tapers, seems a Pagan shrine set up in the midst of Christendom. "Jennifer," the Cornish form of "Guinevere," is a quaintly beautiful name. "Griselda," again, is charming, though its legend represents an ideal far removed from that of the ladies of to-day. Many pleasant and homely old English names, once very common, seem almost to have disappeared. Such are "Gillian" (no doubt the "Jill" who accompanied Jack in the nursery rhyme), and "Joyce," and "Pleasant." "Ursula," the name of the princess attended by her virgin choir at Bruges, or dreaming of the Angel in her palace at Venice, was a common medieval name. It is the name of a lady happy in her servants, in Memling and Carpaccio. "Beatrice," the light and guide of the great Pilgrimage, is at once the lovely lady of a troubadour, and a Blessed Saint in Paradise. Thackeray's "Beatrix" has given the name an added charm. Of the few heathen names that survived in Christendom, the most beautiful is Diana—a name beautiful in sound, in meaning, in associations. It has the incredible purity of the dawn amid deep woods. "Imogen" and "Hermione" are warmer and softer, but have something of the same beauty.

Many names have the loveliness of water, or flowers or gems. There is something clear and shining, for instance, about the sound of "Christabel," of "Geraldine," of "Beryl." "Ianthe," the name which Landor said he had so written in verse that no tide of time could ever wash it away, has a Greek, flower-like charm. Among actual names of flowers, "Violet" is a name of great sweetness. "Olive," like "Rose," is the name of one of the great sacred plants of the world, and is a fitting name for a beautiful woman. "Daphne" has

the loveliness of all Greek flower names. So, again, has "Amaryllis."

But such names as these may be thought too bright and good for homely, daily use. What a charm there is in many simple and pleasant eighteenth-century names—not names of saints or queens, or stars or flowers, but simply of good women. "Pamela" is delightful. Some few diminutives belonging to this time are especially pleasing. "Sally" has a pleasantness nothing can vulgarise. "Betty" is the most patrician of names—the name of a very bright-eyed, scornful lady. "Molly," again, is touchingly human. A beautiful old-fashioned name is "Susan." But so many ladies' names are beautiful, that the difficulty is to know which to choose.

Short Studies.

WIND IN THE ROCKS.

THOUGH dew-dark when we set forth, there was stealing into the frozen air an invisible white host of the wan-winged light—born beyond the mountains, and already, like a drift of doves, harboring grey-white high up on the snowy sky-caves of Monte Cristallo; and within us, tramping over the valley meadows, was the incredible elation of those who set out before the sun has risen; every minute of the precious day before us—we had not lost one!

At the mouth of that enchanted chine, across which for a million years the howdahed rock elephant has marched, but never yet passed from sight, we crossed the stream, and among the trees began our ascent. Very far away the first cow-bells chimed; and, over the dark heights, we saw the thin, sinking moon, looking like the white horns of some devotional beast watching and waiting up there for the god of light. That god came slowly, stalking across far over our heads from top to top; then, of a sudden, his flame-white form was seen standing in a gap of the valley walls; the trees flung themselves along the ground before him, and censers of pine gum began swinging in the dark aisles, releasing their perfumed steam. Throughout these happy ravines where no man lives, he shows himself naked and unashamed, the color of pale honey; on his golden hair such shining as one has not elsewhere seen; his eyes like old wine on fire. And already he had swept his hand across the invisible strings, for there had arisen the music of uncurling leaves and flitting things.

A legend runs, that, driven from land to land by Christians, Apollo hid himself in Lower Austria, but those who aver they saw him there in the thirteenth century were wrong; it was to these enchanted chines, frequented only by the mountain shepherds, that he had come.

And as we were lying on the grass of the first alp, with the star gentians—those fallen drops of the sky—and the burnt-brown dandelions, and scattered shrubs of alpen-rose round us, we were visited by one of these very shepherds, passing with his flock—the fiercest looking man who ever spoke in a gentle voice; six feet high, with an orange cloak, bare knees, burnt as the very dandelions, a beard blacker than black, and eyes more glorious than if sun and night had dived and were lying imprisoned in their depths. He spoke in an unknown tongue, and could certainly not understand any word of ours; but he smelled of the good earth, and only through interminable watches under sun and stars could so great a gentleman have been perfected.

Presently, while we rested outside that Alpine hut which faces the three sphinx-like mountains, there came back, from climbing the smallest and most dangerous of those peaks, one, pale from heat, and trembling with fatigue; a tall man, with long brown hands, and a long, thin, bearded face. And, as he sipped cautiously of red wine and water, he looked at his little conquered mountain. His kindly, screwed-up eyes, his kindly, bearded lips, even his limbs seemed smiling. Not for

the world would we have jarred with words that tired, smiling man, enjoying the sacred hour of him who has just proved himself. In silence we watched, in silence left him smiling, knowing somehow that we should remember him all our days. For there was in his smile the glamor of adventure for the sake of danger; all that high instinct which takes a man out of his chair to brave what he need not.

Between that hut and the three mountains lies a saddle—astride of all beauty and all color, master of a titanic chaos of deep clefts, tawny heights, red domes, far snow, and the purple of long shadows; and, standing there, we comprehended a little of what Earth had been through in her time, to have made this playground for most glorious demons. Mother Earth! What travail undergone, what long heroic throes had brought on her face such majesty!

Hereabout edelweiss was clinging to the smoothed-out rubble; but a little higher, even the everlasting plant was lost, there was no more life. And presently we lay down on the mountain side, rather far apart. Up here above trees and pasture the wind had a strange, bare voice, free from all outer influence, sweeping along with a cold, whiffling sound. On the warm stones, in full sunlight, uplifted over all the beauty of Italy, one felt at first only delight in space and wild loveliness, in the unknown valleys, and the strength of the sun. It was so good to be alive; so ineffably good to be living in this most wonderful world, drinking air nectar.

Behind us, from the three mountains, came the continual thud and scuffle of falling rocks, loosened by rains. The wind, mist, and winter snow had ground the powdery stones on which we lay to a pleasant bed, but once on a time they too had clung up there. And very slowly, one could not say how or when, the sense of joy began changing to a sense of fear. The awful impersonality of those great rock-creatures, the terrible impartiality of that cold, clinging wind which swept by, never an inch lifted above ground! Not one tiny soul, the size of a midge or rock flower, lived here. Not one little "I" breathed here, and loved!

And we, too, some day would no longer love, having become part of this monstrous, lovely earth, of that cold, whiffling air. To be no longer able to love! It seemed incredible, too grim to bear; yet it was true! To become powder, and the wind; no more to feel the sunlight; to be loved no more! To become a whiffling noise, cold, without one's self! To drift on the breath of that noise, homeless! Up here, there were not even those little velvet, grey-white companions we had gathered. No life! Nothing but the creeping wind, and those great rocky heights, whence came the sound of falling—symbols of that cold, untimely state into which we too must pass. Never more to love, nor to be loved! One could but turn to the earth, and press one's face to it, away from the wild loveliness. Of what use loveliness that must be lost; of what use loveliness when one could not love? The earth was warm and firm beneath the palms of the hands; but there still came the sound of the impartial wind, and the careless roar of the stones falling.

Below, in those valleys amongst the living trees, and grass, was the comradeship of unnumbered life, so that to pass out into Peace, to step beyond, to die, seemed but a brotherly act, amongst all those others; but up here, where no creature breathed, we saw the heart of the desert that stretches before each little human soul. Up here, it froze the spirit; even Peace seemed mocking—hard as a stone. Yet, to try and hide, to tuck one's head under one's own wing, was not possible in this air so crystal clear, so far above incense and the narcotics of set creeds, and the fevered breath of prayers and protestations. Even to know that between organic and inorganic matter there is no gulf fixed, was of no peculiar comfort. The jealous wind came creeping over the lifeless limestone, removing even the poor solace of its warmth; one turned from it, desperate, to look up at the sky, the blue, burning, wide, ineffable, far sky.

Then slowly, without reason, that icy fear passed into a feeling, not of joy, not of peace, but as if Life and

Death were exalted into what was neither life nor death, a strange and motionless vibration, in which one had been merged, and rested utterly content, equipoised, divested of desire, endowed with life and death.

But since this moment had come before its time, we got up, and, close together, marched on rather silently, in the hot sun.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Present-Day Problems.

WORKMEN'S FLATS VERSUS COTTAGES.

If you polled any working-class population in England on the question "Do you prefer a flat or a cottage?" you would get an almost unanimous verdict "A cottage." If, however, you put it that the alternative to a flat was the position of a "lodger" family in a "half-house," or, still worse, some rooms in a large house let in tenements, the flat would win.

It is because in our monster modern cities the policy of a cottage for every family is impossible, that the policy of building working-class flats, adopted by the London County Council and such provincial municipalities as Manchester and Liverpool can be justified. It is not an ideal, but a *pis-aller*—the best that you can do unless you break up the great towns altogether and re-build England in garden cities the size of Oxford or Bath. Assume the great centres for industry, trade, or government; assume their agglomerations of people running into hundreds of thousands each; and the policy of a cottage and garden for everybody is impossible. The town-areas would attain a size with which no transit system could cope; and so, if the centre is to be a centre at all, it has to have somewhere close to it a more densely-housed population. When this problem of dense housing is faced, the flat has strong claims to be the best solution. But it is only satisfactory if it conforms to a number of rules, to which at present few (if any) English municipal flats conform in their entirety.

The first obvious mistake is to overcrowd the buildings on a given area. Structures like those erected between Commercial Street, Whitechapel, and Hounds-ditch, by the City Commissioners of Sewers, or the grim regiment of blocks north of the main line outside Bethnal Green Junction, betray in their builders a disastrous simplicity of mind. Their idea was that if you replaced two-storey cottages by six, seven, or eight storeys of flats, you could house from three to four times as many people on the same area. So you can, of course; but the homes will be sunless and airless, the people anaemic, and various forms of disease rife. The worst of this fault is that the people themselves naturally encourage it. The builder who over crowds his area can afford to let more numerous, spacious, and convenient rooms for a given rent than the builder who does not. Consequently, death-traps as they may be, they tend to be always full, while the healthier buildings may stand empty.

The gain which ought to be allowed to flat-builders over cottage-builders in this way is slight. Take two rows—not of garden-city cottages, but of the crowded type two storeys high, with minimum yards and street-width and no front gardens—and you are justified in replacing them by only one row of flats and by not more than five storeys. There is thus a gain in housing space of one floor upon four, or 25 per cent.—not a great one, and little enough to cover the extra proportionate cost of a high building. The real gain is that besides housing 25 per cent. more people on the site given, you can have a street twice as wide as any before, and can pool some hundreds of cramped insanitary back-yards into one spacious asphalted or concreted area. The supply of sun will be better in the main; the supply of air, better beyond all comparison.

But the lesson about not overcrowding buildings on area is elementary. Even the London County Council (a backward municipality in some of these respects) has now learned it. The need for a number of other struc-

tural features cannot be argued at length; but the writer (who has lived in various working-class flats for periods aggregating about six years) will venture to tabulate a few rules dogmatically.

1. Every floor should have a balcony upon which the front doors of each tenement should open.

2. There should be a dust-shoot for rubbish with openings on each floor—not opening inside any tenement, but outside on the balcony.

3. There should be a separate water-supply and sanitary arrangements for every tenement.

4. There should, on or below the ground floor, be a proper place for storing perambulators and cycles.

5. There should be (if no lift) at least a "hoist" for carrying up coal and other heavy goods.

One might multiply these rules by adding to their list others more universally observed. Of the five above, it is believed that no workmen's flats in England embody all. The present writer saw, a year or two ago, designs for some flats to be erected at Brussels in the old slum quarter of the Rue Haute, which embodied them all, but is not aware how far they have actually been carried out. At least one of the five will not commend itself to perhaps a majority of medical officers of health. Yet probably everybody acquainted with the principles of sanitation, who lived for any time in such buildings and became really acquainted with the habits of the people, would agree that all five were absolutely indispensable.

The first and the fourth rules are, in different ways, most necessary for the health of infants. The balcony is also necessary, because otherwise you either get too much space wasted on staircases, or you have four front-doors on each landing, which means back-to-back construction for your tenements. The dust-shoot prescribed in the third rule is of enormous importance. If you deprive working people of back-yards and perch them several storeys up, you cannot make it too easy for them to get rid of their rubbish. Otherwise they will accumulate stores of it indefinitely in their back-kitchens, with the worst results. There is a common sanitary prejudice against dust-shoots on the grounds that they cannot be cleaned, and that if they open inside a tenement they may spread disease in it. The answers are, that cleaning depends chiefly upon what material you line the shoot with; that it never ought to open inside a tenement but on an out-door balcony; and that, whatever its faults, it is infinitely better than the household habits which inevitably result from its absence. Rule 3—separate water-supply and sanitary arrangements for each tenement—may seem too obvious and elementary to need mention; but, in fact, municipalities (*e.g.*, Manchester) have ignored and broken it flagrantly, with very bad consequences. The recommendation of a hoist for goods would meet most of the stair difficulties. Tenants of workmen's flats, when they are once in, do not object to climbing stairs. What they do object to—very reasonably—is carrying heavy and bulky articles up them; and this is a most genuine grievance, which the designers of such buildings ought to be compelled to remove. Given balconies, they can easily do so.

With flats conforming to these principles (and others more universally appreciated) a great part of the inner housing areas of our greatest towns might advantageously be re-built. They would allow space for bold, broad streets, playgrounds, and tree-planting; all petty nucleuses of disorder and dirt could be swept away; and the scale of the buildings might easily be (though it seldom has been) utilised for large effects of fine, simple planning and broad architectural design. Housing schemes on the *most* central sites—*e.g.*, next to the great markets, as in London and Liverpool—can hardly be defended at all; housing *near* the centres, on a more concentrated system than that of cottages, will be necessary for a long time. It cannot, however, be too clearly remembered that no flat is an ideal home for a workman's family; that for a number of good, concrete reasons the workman's invariable desire for a separate cottage with a garden is abundantly justified; and that therefore a break-up of our large cities into smaller ones should form part of any housing ideal. Unfortunately, the forces promoting such a break-up encounter a deter-

mined and almost inevitable opposition from the municipalities themselves; who, for love of local trade and local revenue, are constantly bent upon preventing industries and population flowing away from their over-swollen areas, and even upon attracting, if possible, new industries and new population to swell them yet further. The cry of the Municipal "Reformers" in the Metropolis, "London work for London men," is an extreme instance of this tendency, for which the only cure, perhaps, would be a great change in the areas of local government and still greater changes in the methods of raising local revenue.

Letters to the Editor.

ENGLISH ANXIETY ABOUT HOME RULE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I sincerely appreciate the misgivings of the many friends of Ireland whose feelings were voiced by Dr. Bedford Pierce in your columns recently. It would be unnatural that the protestations of the non-Irish and non-Catholic community in Ireland could be satisfactorily dealt with by the general refutation that there was no ground for apprehension. The cleavage in Ireland of political parties upon lines of race and creed must give rise to some doubt as to the fate of the minority, who by race and creed are most closely linked with England and the Lowlands. I have done my best to enter into the minds of my political opponents here, and have long sought for some definite statement as to the nature of the "oppression" which they anticipate at the hands of us Irishmen under Home Rule. I have discussed the matter with my intimate friends of the Unionist persuasion again and again, and I think I know what their views are. It is impossible for them to conceal at the outset that they regard it as an "injustice" to them that they should be deposed from their present position of sovereignty in Ireland. Again and again have I found the argument come back to the point that it is a scandal to think of allowing Irishmen who are, by all art and nature, "seditious," "rebellious," "disloyal," or in effect who are not Orangemen, to exercise control, or at all events to hold office of emolument in the government of Ireland. This is at the bottom of all their protestations, but there are, no doubt, other matters which need consideration to secure the certainty of fair play.

The first fear of the Orangemen is that Home Rule will, in the phrase of Dr. Pierce, merely change the places of top and bottom dog, and that the Unionists and Protestants will for the future be treated as their Government has treated Nationalists and Catholics up to now. What is overlooked is the fact that Ireland is divided into racial and sectarian camps only by the question of Home Rule. The only alternative to Home Rule that has been found practicable is the government of the country by a resident privileged ascendancy, acting in the name of England. Whatever English party is in power, the spoils of office in Ireland are the private property of a small fraction of the population who profess to take their politics from England. Its members have certainly to face in self-government their loss of a valuable monopoly; but once this monopoly is abolished and Home Rule is granted, the old lines of party cleavage disappear. No sane man can suggest that in our New Ireland there will exist any body of opinion that will carry on an agitation to restore the present state of affairs. The division of parties will cease to be as between Unionists and Nationalists, and the politicians of the future will naturally group themselves into two main bodies of Conservatism and Reform without regard to the differences that previously separated their several components.

Political hostility ceasing, there remains the question of sectarian intolerance by which it is alleged that Protestants, being in a minority, would be excluded from all positions of emolument in the gift of Catholics. At present there are only two departments exercising patronage that are worked on sectarian lines. The first is Dublin Castle, which relaxes its boycott occasionally in favor of the "Friendly Native" type of Catholic Irishmen; the other is composed of the councils and corporations controlled by

Orangemen, who never relax their boycott of Catholics under any conditions. No one in England seems to consider the boycott of a Catholic minority by Orangemen as a matter worth discussing; but the position of my fellow-countrymen and co-religionists in the Orange districts of Ulster is a tremendous factor to be reckoned with in the calculation of the fate of minorities in a self-governed Ireland. There is elsewhere in the country misconduct in the bestowal of patronage by local bodies, but this misconduct, where it does occur, is not a matter of politics or religion, though politics are sometimes invoked in aid of it; it is the misconduct of the members of the body using their position to secure appointments for their relatives and friends, after the manner of the high officers in Dublin Castle. There would no doubt be the power of oppression in a Nationalist Parliament, and there would probably be found in such an assembly some members who would be anxious to continue the present spoils system. Nobody pretends that the elected representatives of the new constituencies will all be angels—one in twelve of the apostles was an undesirable—but the overwhelming sentiment of Nationalist Ireland yearns for Home Rule as a means of opening a career for talent irrespective of creed or politics, whereby native genius, that is the monopoly of no creed or party, need no longer leave its birthplace to win its recognition and reward. It is impossible to conceive legislation on this point that would open a fair field of advancement to Catholic applicants for employment in Belfast and Derry, that would not secure the same benefits for members of Protestant minorities elsewhere. In some Nationalist strongholds no legislation is required, the corporation or the council has already passed the law that we would gladly accept in every sphere to which it can be applied—no appointment shall be made to any office of emolument paid out of public monies save after an impartial competitive test of merit. If any doubt exists as to the honesty of our sentiments on this subject, it is easily resolved. Let the Government stop the spoils system in Ireland now. An administrative order without any statute would abolish the pernicious example of political and sectarian advancement in offices whose salaries would total half a million a year. Throw these open to competition at once and see how the change will be welcomed. Without a statute the greater offices cannot be touched, but provision could be made in the Home Rule Bill removing for a limited period from the executive as much patronage as can possibly be transferred to non-political selective bodies. The higher offices of the Civil Service should be filled by competitive advancement from the lower grades. Professional vacancies in the general public government should be filled by nomination by the Crown from candidates selected by the representative body of the profession concerned. If these proposals do not commend themselves to the Protestant minority, let it formulate its scheme for securing fair play, it will be sympathetically considered on its merits; but the present state of affairs, whereby obscurities, by the aid of sectarianism, are pitchforked into the most responsible and highly-paid offices, is not going to be continued, whether it is necessary for Protestantism in Ireland or not.

Behind all this anticipation of the boycotting of Protestants, there is some utterly intangible idea that the Catholic clergy would in some way impose themselves, or be imposed, upon the country as its rulers. I have entirely failed to obtain any explanation of how this is to happen or what form this imposition is to take. There is a general agreement that clergymen are not to be elected to the Irish House of Commons. If a second chamber contains any ecclesiastical element, the Catholic hierarchy have certainly the first claim to representation. At present the tendency of the Irish priest is to drop out of politics. The intervention of the clergy in the anti-Parnellite campaign revealed, by the mistakes of a few, the grave danger to the prestige of the whole body from its members engaging in political warfare. They now err, in my opinion, in too rigid abstention from reference of any kind to the duties of public life. They are the controllers of education in Ireland, and are looked up to for counsel and advice in matters outside of theology; and, while I would regret to see them involved in conflict on the hustings, it can only be by the active co-operation of the Catholic priesthood that the obligations of honor and of honesty in public, as in private, life, can

be brought home to the minds of our people. When the methods of West Ham appeared in a rural council in Ireland, it was to the priest that the community looked for their banishment when the law failed. The Catholic Church has manifested no desire to become a State pensioner in Ireland. The village curate is a more powerful custodian of life and property than the British army and navy combined with the Royal Irish Constabulary, but he asks for no State pay, and for our new Parliament we ask no power to establish or to subsidise any form of religion in Ireland.—Yours, &c.,

A. M. SULLIVAN.

[We reserve the second part of Mr. Sullivan's interesting letter for our next week's issue.—ED., NATION.]

FORCED MILITARY TRAINING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Has Mr. Frank Fox never heard of the truth, fundamental both in law and in morality, "Qui facit per alium facit per se"? If I, by taking my place in a military ambulance corps, set free another man to take his place in the fighting line, how am I absolved from the responsibility attaching to his slaying my brother men? To offer us service in "non-combatant," but none the less auxiliary, military duties, cannot in any degree satisfy the conscience of those of us who have learned that the Spirit of Christ and His law of Love and Self-renouncing Service are utterly incompatible with the pagan ideals and practices of lawless brute force and (national) self-assertion which constitute war.

Again and again have members of the Society of Friends shown themselves ready to assist the unfortunate non-combatant sufferers through war, both by monetary contributions and ungrudging personal service, but they must continue to decline to become "participes criminis" by enlisting as active auxiliaries even in the "ambulance corps"!

With the Editor's permission, I hope to show next week, from the actual terms of the Australian Defence Act and from replies by the Prime Minister to a deputation of Friends, how dangerous to liberty of conscience this new departure threatens to be, but I have not the leisure for it this week.—Yours, &c.,

WM. HENRY F. ALEXANDER.

Reigate, January 17th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Rowland Hunt thinks that he has finally crushed all reasonable opposition to the proposal for compulsory military service by asking us what is the "first, most necessary, and most honorable duty of every man"? I answer that the first duty of every man is to find out how he can most efficiently help his neighbors, including his family and country; and, in a free country, it has generally been held that every full-grown man can find out that method for himself. If Mr. Hunt thinks that he can most efficiently serve his country by training himself to kill certain people whom he and others imagine to be actual or possible enemies of England, let him by all means do so; but he has no more right to tell me or others that we should choose that method of serving our country, than we have to tell him that he should learn to save life by walking the hospitals, or to make it more secure by studying the laws, or to improve it in other ways by qualifying himself as a teacher. With all deference to Mr. Hunt, these last are just as "necessary" and "honorable" duties as killing, and quite as necessary to the safety of a country; but the whole force and value of them depends on their being done by men and women who have their heart in them, who take them up because they feel themselves naturally inclined to them and specially qualified for them. Compulsion destroys altogether the conscientious sense of duty, and consequently all real patriotism; and substitutes for these motives the simple but degrading motive of fear of punishment. Any one who is moved by a sense of duty to train himself like Mr. Hunt to kill, can do so now. The only additions which would be made to the killing professions by compulsion would be those who joined them from fear.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead,
January 16th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is most fervently to be hoped that the great question of national defence will never be allowed to become what is known as a party question; and I trust, sir, that the powerful influence of THE NATION will always be used in this direction. Surely, of all questions, this is the outstanding one, where the voice of party should be still and the divisions of factions disappear. Liberalism to most of us is more than a mere shibboleth, it is an inborn conviction, part of our very selves. But there is one thing which stands above it, one thing before which all political creeds and all beliefs must give way, and that is, love of one's country. If one really loves one's country it is essential that all one's efforts should be directed to seeing that it enjoys an absolute immunity from defeat and degradation. The dream of a universal brotherhood, of a universal peace, is such a fantastic and far-off one, and is so impossible through differences of nationality, of ideals, and of necessities, that it can only find place in the brain of impracticable dreamers and sentimental visionaries. The strong man armed still holds the stage and will for very many years to come. Britain stands not only for the very centre and heart of our Empire, it stands for ourselves, our very existences, and the existences of all those whom we hold most dear and most dear to us. Is it then unreasonable, is it unpatriotic to put forward a plea that all who hold their country close to their hearts should see to it that all those who can should be trained to defend its shores from violation, and its hearths from destruction? Is it not enough to bring a blush of shame to one's cheek to know that all the men of every nation in Europe but ourselves are trained carefully and patiently and willingly for this sacred duty. We stand out an ignoble exception.

Military service would be beneficial to all classes in this country. It would give a useful and proper direction to a vast amount of wasted and mis-spent energy, it would give more manliness and backbone to the entire nation. Go through our towns and villages in England or in Scotland and see the crowds of idle, dirty, besotted individuals standing at every street-corner, absolutely unemployable, with no manhood in them, all pride and backbone gone, mere wastrels. You do not see such a sight in any other country in the world. These men are bound to go under, they have not got it in them, they never had it in them, to be other than what they are. Had they had in their youth only a year's good sound training and discipline, good food and healthy exercise, they would be now a real asset to the nation, and their chance of making something of their lives would have been increased ten-fold.

There are, then, two aspects of the question to be considered: the first, the absolute necessity for a strong, well-trained army for home defence to protect our shores and to give more freedom to our fleet; and the other, the incalculable amount of good a period of military training would do to the physique of the manhood of our nation. Who knows how near the day may be when we shall have cause to regret that we had shut our eyes so long to this necessity of our existence as a great nation?

It is fervently to be hoped that when the historian of the future comes to write the history of these isles he will not have cause to say that in this land there dwelt a race of men, who, in fancied security behind the iron walls of their fleet, spent their days in ease and luxury, money-making and pleasure-seeking, leaving to a comparatively small number of themselves the sacred duty of defending their country, until one day an accident occurred and they found too late that they had been living in a Fool's Paradise.—Yours, &c.,

W. L. PULLAR.

Upplands, Bridge of Allan, N.B.

January 17th, 1911.

"THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a subscriber to THE NATION for some time, I will trouble you with a little matter, which we cannot quite understand. It may be due to our dulness or stupidity.

There was a long review in your issue of the 7th on "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," and the reviewer, we thought, wrote as if the book had just been

published. Perhaps you will kindly explain the matter to us.—Yours, &c.,

T. EDWIN HARVEY.

Kenmore, Shepherds Hill, Highgate,
January 14th, 1911.

[We have shown our correspondent's letter to the reviewer, who sends us this very unsatisfactory explanation.—I regret to say that I did write as if the book had just been published, and I cannot wonder your correspondent demurs at such a supposition. For, on consulting "Notes and Queries," the "National Dictionary of Biography" (under heading "Dickens"), and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (ninth edition, supplement), I find that the work in question was actually published rather more than seventy years ago. In excuse, I can only plead inadvertence—"ignorance, mere ignorance," as Dr. Johnson frankly explained when his pretension to omniscience was once similarly exposed. At the same time, I console myself with the reflection that my critical acumen was not at fault. I ventured to assert that Mr. Dickens would go far, and he appears to have done so.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

WHAT MEMBERS SHOULD BE PAID.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I notice that in your discussion of Payment of Members you express a hope that the sum fixed may be "nearer £300 a year than £500." May I respectfully urge you to oppose any sum exceeding £300? When the practice is introduced it is essential that it should come in a form which can be defended by all who accept the principle.—

G. P. GOOCH.

South Villa, Campden Hill Road, W.

January 17th, 1911.

[We entirely agree with Mr. Gooch. Indeed, we would rather see the payment fixed below £300 than above it. In any case we believe the statement of the "Times" that the Government contemplate an allowance of £500 to be a mere invention.—ED., NATION.]

PRIVATE MEMBERS AND THE CABINET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If we needed a clinching proof that the Cabinet tyranny is about as bad as Mr. Belloc (and many others) paint it, we have it in the mere fact that you employ an excuse for it, that has been the excuse for all the tyrants of the earth. I mean the mournful excuse that things were always so; and that no reforms will really "solve the problem of reconciling perfect freedom and fulness of discussion with the requirements of public business." As an old reader, may I ask you on my knees not to use this argument? If a man calls out to you that he has caught his leg in a man-trap, take him out—or leave him in, if you think that safer. But please don't say to him "Even out of the trap you would still find life a problem; you would still find it hard to reconcile perfectly the desire for perambulation with the need for repose." He would never have called out if he had not thought his problem more painful than the daily problem of living. Now, certain sane and honest persons are calling out, in quite loud and distinct tones, this statement: that a man who enters our present Parliament catches his tongue in a mantrap. He is, they say, positively prevented from forcing certain divisions, asking or getting replies to certain questions, and, above all, keeping certain promises.

You falsify the whole point by talking about it as the problem of the private member. May I point out that there is no such thing as a private member? Every member is a public member, being the authoritative ambassador of a large part of the public. The phrase you use implies some peculiar and fastidious person, who has unique opinions, which might be really interesting if there were time to listen to them. That may be the case for Mr. Harold Cox; it is not the case put to you by Mr. Belloc. If Mr. Cox has opinions peculiar to himself, he can put them into books as Mr. Belloc does. Mr. Belloc asks for freedom for the opinions *not* peculiar to himself; opinions he believes to be shared by thousands of his fellow-creatures in the neighborhood of

Manchester. They (he maintains) were for his policy of promptly expelling the Chinese from Africa; not for the Cabinet's policy of removing them long afterwards, when the Raids magnates were quite ready. South Salford (he says) was for democracy, but against official Liberalism. South Salford has said the same.

Who ever dreamed of getting "perfect freedom and fulness of discussion" except in Heaven? The case urged against Cabinets is that we have no freedom and no discussion, except that laid down despotically by a few men on front benches. Your assurance that Parliament is very busy is utterly vain. It is busy on things the dictators direct; it is not allowed to be busy on anything else. It is not that small men and small questions get squeezed out among big ones: that is a normal disaster. With us, on the contrary, it is the big questions that get squeezed out. The Party was not allowed really to attack the South African War, for fear it should alienate Mr. Asquith. It was not allowed to object to Mr. Herbert Gladstone (or is it Lord Gladstone? this blaze of democracy blinds one) when he sought to abolish the Habeas Corpus Act, and leave the poorer sort of pickpockets permanently at the caprice of their jailers. Parliament is busy on the aristocratic fads; and mankind must mark time with a million stamping feet, while Mr. Herbert Samuel searches a gutter-boy for cigarettes. That is what you call the congestion of Parliament.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

January 17th, 1911.

[We must be stupid, for we have no idea what Mr. Chesterton means.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I read the article on this subject in your last issue with surprise. It struck a note which one does not usually associate with the NATION. It appeared to me to be at once spiteful and ill-informed.

My own knowledge of the House of Commons, in any intimate degree, dates only from the General Election of January, 1910. My testimony may, therefore, be thought of little moment, and even impertinent, yet I should like to be allowed to give my own experience in the House of the private Member.

What impressed me most vividly from the first was the keenness of private Members. Their desire was to get useful work done. The apparently insurmountable difficulty in their path was the slow working of the machinery of Government. I was amazed at the endless meetings each day of little groups of members intent upon promoting social, industrial, and economic reforms. Always they were trying adequately to realise their own responsibilities, and always they were checked by the impossibility of making the machinery of Government move faster and do more. I have seen the disappointment and almost despair with which they realised the powerlessness of the private Member.

Nor were the causes they sought to promote matters which would bring them popular honor in their constituencies. It is not with the hope of raising the enthusiasm of his constituency that the private Member seeks, as he has sought in the last Parliament, to protect children from the ruin that attends a life spent trading in the streets, or to abolish the White Slave traffic, or to save our school children from the evil of the half-time system, or to give adequate guardianship to the great army of the feeble-minded, or to promote the better care of adolescent youth. They are causes undertaken by men who enter Parliament to try to get vital things done, and I can imagine them saying of the system that moderates their pace some of those uncharitable things that the writer of your article says of the private Member.—Yours, &c.,

J. H. WHITEHOUSE.

House of Commons, January 18th, 1911.

[Mr. Whitehouse attributes to the NATION its summary of Mr. Belloc's argument, with which indeed we expressed a very limited agreement.—ED., NATION.]

THE EPILOGUE OF THE ANTI-MODERNIST CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—In his interesting article, published in THE NATION of last Saturday, "Gallican" implies that none of

those priests in Paris who were required to take the "anti-Modernist" oath actually refused. I am glad to say that he is not quite accurately informed in this regard; to my knowledge, ten French priests—of whom two were in Paris—formally refused to take the oath when they were called upon to do so. It is a small number, but there were fewer just men in Sodom.

It is, of course, as "Gallican" says, absurdly untrue that there is an international Modernist organisation, or any sort of Modernist organisation; the so-called Modernist clergy are completely unorganised and isolated. Had there been any Modernist association, it must have organised an opposition to the oath; the successful resistance of the Bavarian professors shows that such opposition would not have been quite hopeless. As it is, some thousands of Roman Catholic priests have solemnly sworn to statements which they do not believe; for one need not be a Modernist to be unable to take the oath in its plain and natural meaning; nobody with even an elementary knowledge of history or the New Testament could honestly swear to all its assertions.

Certainly we have no right to be hard on these men, unless we are quite sure that we should have shown greater courage in the same circumstances; and which of us can be? Personally, I make no pretension to heroism, and heroism or something near it is required to make a priest—especially if he be in middle age or past it—abandon everything and go out into the world to start a new life. The whole training of a Roman Catholic priest unfitts him for any other career and is intended to do so. The very aim of the seminary system is to cut its victims off from their fellow-men. Sometimes it fails; far more often it succeeds only too completely. The result is that, with the exception of a few men of exceptional ability or force of character, the unfrocked priest is helpless, and he usually gets very little assistance from those who are ready enough to applaud his action.

I speak particularly of the Latin countries, where boys enter the preparatory seminary at the age of from twelve to fourteen, and even earlier; an Italian priest of my acquaintance received the tonsure at the age of eleven. This system is one of the worst features of the Roman Church; happily it is breaking down in France, thanks to the growing unwillingness of parents to sacrifice their children, and the preparatory seminaries are being rapidly depopulated. The victims of this system deserve our pity rather than our censure. How can we reasonably expect them to be heroes, or even to show the average amount of courage and initiative?

Nevertheless, while the action of those who have taken an insincere oath is excusable in the circumstances, nothing can justify it. Perjury does not cease to be perjury because the moral sense of those who commit it is so blunted that they regard an oath as "a mere formality." The fact that so many Roman Catholic priests think so lightly of an oath is a heavy indictment of the Roman Church. Here we see Catholic moral theology in practice. "Gallican" seems to think that the authorities who imposed the oath were as indifferent to sincerity as many of those who took it. Probably he is right; but what a shocking example, then, is set to the mere layman by his pastors and masters, who profess to be able to guide him in the path of infallible truth! "The only infallible guardian of truth," as Father Tyrrell said, "is the spirit of truthfulness." And the chief and insurmountable obstacle to the acceptance of the claims of the Roman Church is, not its rejection and condemnation of historical and scientific facts, not its hatred of and incompatibility with democracy and all that is implied by the "modern mind"—though these are obstacles enough—but the too patent fact that its hierarchy is permeated with the spirit of untruthfulness.

Even the weakest faith must reject such an hypothesis. Is it not evident that it is not from the Roman Catholic Church (nor, it seems to me, from any existing Church) that we can expect the religion of the future to be developed? Even those—I am not one of them—who retained until now a forlorn hope of the Modernist movement within the Roman Church, must at last recognise that their energies may be more usefully diverted into other channels. Many as are the excuses that can be made for the lamentable moral failure of the so-called Modernist clergy, it is absurd to suppose that any great movement can be made out of such stuff as

this. No religious movement—for that matter, no great movement of any sort—ever has been or ever will be successful, unless those taking part in it were and are true to their consciences and their convictions, at whatever cost to themselves. The condition is a hard one—as I have already said, I do not assert that I should fulfil it in all possible circumstances, for one cannot assert that one would always resist temptation—but it is essential, and, unless we are prepared to fulfil it, we had better throw up the sponge and talk no more about Modernism.

If Modernism is purely intellectual, if it is not primarily moral, it is not worth fighting for. Nobody felt that more strongly than Father Tyrrell; for him the moral aspect of the question was the all-important one. He never imagined that we could revolutionise the world—and that is our business—by spreading accurate critical information about the Fourth Gospel any more than by spreading correct theological beliefs about the Trinity or the Immaculate Conception. Here are his own words:

"Your Eminence, the principle that divides Mediævalism from Modernism is, at the root, moral rather than intellectual: a question less of truth than of truthfulness, inward and outward—of a rigorous honesty with oneself that makes a man ask continually: Is this what I really think, or only what I think I think? or think that I ought to think? or think that others think? that teaches him intellectual modesty and humility and detachment; that restrains his impatient appetite for the comfort and self-complacency of a certitude (natural or supernatural) which entitles him to be contemptuous, arrogant and dogmatical towards those who differ from him." ("Mediævalism," Chap. XX, page 179.)

It is a noble ideal to which we shall all, probably, fail in some measure to live up; but we can at least try to live up to it and not try to justify our failures.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, January 16th, 1911.

"PIONEERS OF OUR FAITH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In reference to your instructive review of "Pioneers of our Faith," kindly let me inform your readers

(1) That the translation therein quoted is not of "the foundation charter of Malmesbury Abbey," but of a later endowment charter;

(2) That such an illustration of Aldhelm's "grotesque" style is no fair specimen of the translator's own style;

(3) That my account of Bathildis, the English queen of Neustria, is not "half-legendary," but strictly historical;

(4) That, though I have deliberately refrained from peppering my pages with footnotes, the whole of my narrative is based on critical scrutiny of all my sources and guides.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES PLATTS.

[(1) Mr. Platts is quite right; the slip is ours, but he will admit that it does not affect the other points at issue between us.

(2) We gave the quotation as an illustration equally "of his subject and of his style," and implied very clearly that the occasional "grotesqueness" of which we spoke was partly due to the former, and so far chargeable upon his ancient authorities. Since, however, he complains of this passage selected, let us here quote three more which we had marked, but refrained from citing in the review. On p. 178, he makes St. Cuthbert address a disciple as "sonny." Here, again, is the beginning of a paragraph on p. 327, "Full of interest is Aldhelm's dedicatory ode, in eighty-five hexameters, De basilica aedificata a Bugge. Her father was King Centwine; her mother's name was Dunne. Spectre is a synonym of her own name, which forms part of humbug, a sham spectre, and of bugbear, a spectre disguised as a bear. After briefly describing the careers of Centwine and Caedualla, the poem states that, in the reign of Ini," &c. Again on p. 381, "No disciple of Aidan, we may feel sure, ever demanded money for preaching or confirming; if such fees were first imposed by Wilfrith, both his wealth and his unpopularity are easier to understand. When Beda proceeds to reproach the covetousness of bishops who claim a larger diocese than they can possibly administer, that name stands out hardly less clear than if it had been written. As a first step in the direction of reform he urges Ecgberht to obtain from Pope Gregory III., with the aid

of Ceolwulf, the pallium which would give him archiepiscopal authority, and then, in accordance with Pope Gregory's original scheme, to raise to twelve the number of suffragan bishops in the northern province. That king, a lineal but illegitimate descendant of Ida, was a brother of the Coenred who succeeded the murdered boy Osred in 716," &c. In these last two instances Mr. Platts is not translating, but narrating; all through the book he uses *he* and *his* with a vagueness which often compels the reader to go back half a page.

(3) In protesting against our remark that even the best of our pre-Conquest ecclesiastical sources are often "half-legendary," Mr. Platts is not likely to find much support from other students.

(4) If Mr. Platts will re-read our review, he will see that we have four times done justice to his "solidity" and "immense industry," and that precisely on this account we regretted his not giving footnotes. He evidently thinks that notes disfigure a good book; here again we must leave your readers to judge.—THE REVIEWER.]

Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

The good Lord gave, the Lord has taken from me,

Blessed be His name, His holy will be done.

The mourners all have gone, all save I, his mother,

The little grave lies lonely in the sun.

Nay! I would not follow, though they did beseech me,

For the angels come now waiting for my dead.

Heaven's door is open, so my whispers soar there,

While the gentle angels lift him from his bed.

Oh Lord, when Thou gavest he was weak and helpless,
Could not rise nor wander from my shielding arm;

Lovely is he now and strong with four sweet summers,
Laughing, running, tumbling, hard to keep from harm.

If some tender mother, whose babe on earth is living,
Takes his little hand to guide his stranger feet
'Mid the countless hosts that cross the floor of heaven,
Thou wilt not reprove her for Thy pity sweet.

If upon her breast she holds his baby beauty,
All his golden hair will fall about her hand,
Laughing let her fingers pull it into ringlets—
Long and lovely ringlets. She will understand.

Wilful are his ways and full of merry mischief;
If he prove unruly, lay the blame on me.
Never did I chide him for his noise or riot,
Smiled upon his folly, glad his joy to see.

Each eve shall I come beside his bed so lowly;
"Hush-a-by, my baby," softly shall I sing,
So, if he be frightened, full of sleep and anger,
The song he loved shall reach him and sure comfort
bring.

Lord, if in my praying, Thou should'st hear me weeping,
Ever was I wayward, always full of tears,
Take no heed of this grief. Sweet the gift Thou gavest
All the cherished treasure of those golden years.

Do not, therefore, hold me to Thy will ungrateful:
Soon I shall stand upright, smiling, strong, and brave.
With a son in heaven the sad earth forgetting,
But 'tis lonely yet, Lord, by the little grave!
Oh. 'tis lonely, lonely, by the little grave!

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn." Edited with an Introduction by Elizabeth Bisland. (Constable. 12s. net.)
- "The Servian People: Their Past Glory and their Destiny." By Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich. (Laurie. 2 vols. 24s. net.)
- "The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche." By Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. (Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "Art in Northern Italy." By Corrado Ricci. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)
- "The Awakening of Scotland: A History from 1747 to 1797." By W. L. Mathieson. (Maclehose. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Early Plays from the Italian." Edited by R. Warwick Bond. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Famous Imposters." By Bram Stoker. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Our Grand Old Bible." By William Muir. (Morgan and Scott. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "All the World Wondered." By Leonard Merrick. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "Widdershins." By Oliver Onions. (Secker. 6s.)
- "Grande Dames du XIXe Siècle: Chronique du Temps de la Restauration." Par Gilbert Stenger. (Paris: Perrin. 5fr.)
- "Les Vainqueurs de la Bastille." Par Joseph Durieux. (Paris: Champion. 4fr.)
- "J. J. Weiss." Par Georges Stirbey. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 5fr.)
- "Honneur et Patrie." Roman. Par Léon Berthaut. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)

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"THE great political novel of the century" is a phrase used by Mr. Lane in advertising Mr. Wells's "The New Machiavelli." It is singular that a people like ourselves, who have won a reputation for political insight, should have produced so few great political novels. One would suppose that the shifting movements, the clash of personalities, and the backstairs intrigues inevitable to party government would form an admirable theme for a novelist, and yet few have turned it to advantage. Miss Edgeworth seems to have been the first English novelist who placed her characters in a political environment, but the politics of "Patronage" are not very interesting, and the book is one of her worst. The hero of Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" gets into Parliament after a contested election which is well described. Unfortunately, like all Warren's work, "Ten Thousand a Year" is spoilt by sentimentality and prejudice. The picture it gives of the Whigs is so colored by Warren's Toryism that it loses even the merit of satire. Bulwer Lytton's "My Novel" deserves mention in any list of political novels, as does also Henry Kingsley's "Austin Elliot," a striking episode of which takes place in the House of Commons during a debate on the Corn Laws. Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Waterdale Neighbors," Mr. Anthony Hope's "Quisanté," and Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" and "Sir George Tressady" might, perhaps, be included.

* * *

BUT the best English political novels are those of Trollope and Beaconsfield. Beaconsfield's novels have received full recognition, though Mr. Herbert Paul says he never heard "of anyone who did not care for politics and yet admired the novels of Mr. Disraeli." We are convinced that Beaconsfield's reputation owes a good deal to his political novels. Trollope, on the other hand, has not quite come into his own as a political novelist. Many people familiar with the Barsetshire series have not read that other inimitable series which opens with "Phineas Finn" and ends with the "Duke's Children." Trollope took a keen interest in politics, and in these books he gives an admirable picture of the Cabinet meetings, Parliamentary debates, and intrigues in which figure a group of politicians, leaders, subordinates, and wire-pullers. The Duke of Omnium is a fine creation, so is Mr. Daubeny, and the grouping of the political scenes is admirably done. Upon the whole, we should class Trollope as the best of English political novelists.

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IN addition to Sir Sidney Colvin's definitive edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's correspondence—which will contain a hundred and fifty new letters—to be issued in May, we are to have a collection of Stevenson's essays that have

not hitherto appeared in book form, except in the expensive "Edinburgh" and "Pentland" editions. The title of the volume is "Lay Morals, and Other Papers," and among the contents are "The Pentland Rising," "Father Damien," "The Young Chevalier," "The Great North Road," and "Heathercat." Messrs. Chatto and Windus are the publishers.

* * *

AMONG the publishing houses that began business last year, that of Mr. Martin Secker is one of the most promising. His first list of books showed literary taste and judgment, and his second, which has just been issued, is equally creditable. It contains announcements of memoirs, books of travel, essays, and novels, a couple of the latter being by new authors of whom great things are expected. One of the volumes of memoirs is by Miss Clementina Black. It treats of a fascinating subject, "The Linleys of Bath," a family that united beauty with talent in an exceptional degree. Miss Black prints, for the first time, a series of letters giving the history of Jane Linley's courtship, and presenting a vivid picture of social and family life from the point of view of a young lady in the days of Jane Austen. We may also expect some fresh information about Elizabeth Linley, Sheridan's beautiful wife, while the circle of famous people with whom the Linleys were connected, both in Bath and in London, provides material for an attractive volume.

* * *

TRANSLATIONS of two interesting volumes of French memoirs are to appear this Spring. From Messrs. Chatto & Windus we are to have a rendering by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos of the Marquis de Castellane's "Men and Things of My Time." The Marquis de Castellane is a grandson of the Duchesse de Dino, and when a young man he became acquainted, in his mother's *salon*, with many of the notabilities of the Second Empire. He also served in the Franco-Prussian war, and was elected a member of the National Assembly. His book treats of both these latter topics, and contains personal reminiscences of such people as Talleyrand, the Duc de Broglie, Liszt, and the Empress Augusta of Germany.

* * *

THE other work is by Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie, and is entitled "Reminiscences of a Paris Physician." The author's long career covered the period from the end of Louis XVI.'s reign to that of Napoleon III., and he was an eye-witness of several dramatic scenes in the Revolution. He saw, too, the execution of Marshal Ney, and was accidentally drawn into the crowd of rioters who protested against Charles X.'s fatal Ordonnances. The book contains many historical sidelights and a great deal of amusing gossip. It has been translated by Lady Theodora Davidson, and will be published by Mr. John Murray.

* * *

MR. H. A. L. FISHER is about to publish through Messrs. Methuen a volume on "The Republican Tradition in Europe." Starting with the fall of the Roman Empire, it carries the history of the subject down to the recent Portuguese Revolution.

* * *

THE same publishers announce a collection of essays on dramatic subjects by Mr. C. E. Montague, of the "Manchester Guardian." The title will be "Dramatic Values," and the essays aim at expressing "the several quantities of pleasure to be had from certain picked things in drama and in modern acting." An interesting fact in connection with Mr. Montague's novel, "A Hind Let Loose," is that it was first written as a play, and afterwards reconstructed in its present form.

* * *

THE first number of "The Irish Review," a monthly magazine of Irish literature, art, and science, will be published in Dublin next March. The aim of the promoters is to provide an organ of the Irish literary movement which shall be for readers interested in Irish affairs what such periodicals as "The Quarterly Review," "The Edinburgh Review," and the "Mercure de France" have been for England and France. A strong list of contributors has been secured, and "The Irish Review" will be at the least a literary experiment of great interest.

Reviews.

NOTES OF CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.*

The editors of the "Cambridge Modern History" are to be congratulated on the successful issue to which they have brought their undertaking. It is a worthy memoir of the great scholar to whose conception it owes its origin. Collaboration has its drawbacks: a certain inequality of treatment, and a certain want of unity, were inevitable. But the History contains work that reaches the highest level of its time. As a book of reference it is essential to the scholar, while to students its invaluable series of bibliographies will for long be an indispensable guide. They clear the jungle; it is difficult to over-estimate the saving of time and labor which they secure. The growth, on the one hand, of the critical temper and, on the other, of the social conscience is the key to the period covered by this last volume. "Self-complacency is no longer fashionable; it is more popular to decry than to praise the world in which we live." It was this feeling which gave rise to the loose talk of the Bankruptcy of Science, started in 1895 by Brunetière, and taken up by lesser men. English and German Imperialism, with its strong note of energy, was a wholesome corrective. Science was only bankrupt for those who mistook its nature, and looked to it for what it did not profess to give. It is the parallel development of moral science that makes the material sciences fruitful. The outlook is hopeful because

"the belief in the possibility of social reform by conscious effort is the most dominant current in the modern European mind. Its substantial achievements, and perhaps its disappointments, are in the future; but its currency in the present is as significant and as pregnant as the belief in the Rights of Man about the time of the French Revolution. The coming age will be occupied by the attempt to translate its ideals into the phrases of practical politics."

It is too much to say that this attempt is "materialistic"; that "its kingdom is of this world." The moral is conditioned by the material; a certain degree of material well-being is ordinarily a condition of moral growth. "Even the Church has been infected; the modern priest is sometimes more concerned for the unemployed than for the unrepentant." It is to be wished that this were so more commonly. Repentance is facilitated by decent surroundings; the removal of external obstacles is the first step in the direction of interior change. In this country, at least, the fear of Socialism is not to be taken seriously. Experience shows that a large electorate is less swayed by sectional interests than a small; and that it is to the propertied, not to the unpropertied, classes that material motives make the strongest appeal.

The moralisation of public life was a preliminary to the formation of the social conscience. It is probable that Mr. Gladstone's most lasting title to our gratitude is the fact that he did more than any European statesman, before or since, to bring about this moralisation. His public life had two sides. On one he was, as he describes himself, "an old Parliamentary hand."

"Subtle and elusive in thought and language, his career and policy bear an opportunist stamp, which is singular in one so sincere. His actions and efforts seem always governed by the immediate need rather than by far-sighted purpose; in foreign complications by the desire to avoid the necessity of intervention, a policy which often failed to achieve its end; in home policy by the wish to maintain or restore his majority, to carry through the measure of the moment, now leaning upon one section of the community, and now upon another."

Exceptions to this estimate might be quoted. On a famous occasion he defied the Nonconformists; and he brought the country into measurable distance of a Russian war over the Penjeh question. But on the whole, as far as it goes, it is accurate enough. What it omits to take into account is his idealism, his ardent humanity, his blazing hatred of injustice and tyranny when he recognised and explored them. He raised politics from the sphere of party to that of principle; for him government was neither a game nor a thing of purely personal significance, but a solemn question of right and wrong. This set a great gulf between him and men of the type of Lord Beaconsfield: the two moved on different planes.

One of the results of this lofty temper is that questions

whose settlement can only be reached in the future have come to play a considerable part in the political life of to-day—such are the reduction of armaments; arbitration, outside certain fixed limits; the claims of the lesser nationalities, of women, and the like. Hence, compared with the past, an apparent want of concentration. A Bismarck, untouched by this spirit, leaves an impression of brutality; he is, in fact, a survival of a former age. If, however, what is lost in concentration is gained in insight and sympathy, there is little reason to complain. It is these latter qualities which, during the last few years, have enabled Governments, both in England and in Germany, to make head against a vulgar agitation which, under other circumstances, might well have caused a European war. "The policy of deliberate and continued warlike expansion, of which Treitschke was for so many years a chief exponent, has received no sanction or countenance from the responsible leaders of the German people." And Professor Oncken's tribute to William II. is as honorable as it is deserved: "At this crisis—the South African War—the Emperor staked his whole influence—nay, some measure of his popularity—against the popular feeling, tempered the bitterness aroused, and withstood every temptation from any other quarter."

Mr. Dunlop's chapter on "Ireland and the Home Rule Movement" is clear and sympathetic. Exception will be taken to the statement that the Disestablished Church was "not the church of the gentry of Anglo-Norman descent"—it was so with all but a very small minority—but it is true that, anomalous as its position was as a Church Establishment, the grievance, once the tithe question had been settled, was sentimental. The importance of the famine of 1847, "the cardinal fact of Irish history in the nineteenth century," is well brought out. The forced sales under the Encumbered Estates Act were a doubtful boon. Temporary help would have enabled the old proprietors to have retained their land. As it was, it was sold at a greatly depreciated value, and passed for the most part into the hands of "small Irish capitalists of a not very desirable type. Anxious to make the most of their bargains, and bound by none of those scruples that had influenced the conduct of their predecessors, they evicted their defaulting tenants with remorseless energy." The Irish tenant farmer to this day would rather live under an English landlord than under a self-made owner of his own race. And it is probable that, when it comes, the conflict between the farming and the laboring classes will be more acute than any class struggle that has hitherto taken place. More than any other cause, the hostility of Archbishop, afterwards Cardinal, Cullen, influenced by the Roman Revolution of 1848, and its bearing on Vatican politics, wrecked the Tenant Rights League of 1850. Emigration and Fenianism were the result. Here, in germ, was the Irish Question of the 'eighties—question which, it will be remembered, became acute owing to the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill (1880) by the House of Lords. This crime—for it was nothing short of a crime—plunged the unhappy country into an abyss of avoidable suffering and bloodshed. With Parnell and the Parliamentary Party we touch on more contentious ground. Of late years more than one cause has affected the influence of this party; the Sinn Fein and Gaelic movements are being run on other lines. But, while differences as to tactics are many, it is increasingly evident that the facts of the situation point to one solution; and that its substantial adoption by the Imperial Government is a question of time.

A distinct feature of the period under discussion is the prominence, if not precisely the influence, of the Roman Catholic Church. This prominence is due mainly to an economic cause—the fear inspired in the middle classes by the spectre of anarchy, to which must be added the moderate temper and successful diplomacy of Leo XIII. It is the key to the internal politics of the Latin nations, and even to a considerable extent of the German Empire. Bismarck's *Kultur-kampf* was an attempt to meet the encroachments of the Papacy on traditional lines—the lines adopted by such eminently Catholic sovereigns as Charles V. and Louis XIV. It failed, not because its measures were unjust or unreasonable—they were neither—but because they were out of date; the changed circumstances of the age had made them impossible; and Leo XIII. had the wisdom to build

* "The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. XII. "The Latest Age." Cambridge: The University Press. 16s. net.

a bridge for a retreating opponent. It is to be wished that the editors had devoted a chapter to the reign of this Pope. It would be difficult to treat it with detachment—and this is probably the reason for its omission; but without it a history of the latest age is manifestly incomplete. In the chapter on the "Third French Republic," M. Emile Bourgeois gives a judicious account of the policy and temper of this astute and sagacious Pontiff, so pre-eminently the man called for by his time and place. The successor of the visionary and impulsive Pius IX.,

"while he abandoned none of the deep-seated and guiding principles of Roman policy, desired to bring about their triumph by different means: by gentleness and urbanity rather than by peremptory demands, by adroit concessions rather than by stubborn resistance to modern ideas, by understandings cleverly planned rather than by ruptures with societies, nations, and Governments."

That he was an opportunist is true. But when solutions are for the future, the opportunist is the wisest ruler. In periods of strain the imperative need is relaxation; in times of transition it is the part of wisdom to avoid compromising decisions and to mark time. In so far as his plans miscarried, the miscarriage was due to the extremists of his own side. He made peace with France and kept it for a quarter of a century in the teeth of provocation from without and of opposition from within; his attitude towards modernism was tentative and non-committal; he refused to be pushed into a defiance of the facts either of life or of knowledge. If a Pontificate is to be judged less by its official acts than by the temper which it fosters in the Church, his must be pronounced wise and conciliatory, and he must be assigned a place among the greater Popes. His successor has chosen another path. He has broken with scholarship, with democracy, and, above all, with what Leo's instinct recognised as the key to the Catholic position—with France. In Italy, while reserved in his utterances on the question of the Temporal Power, he has identified the Church with a moribund political party, the Conservative Monarchs; his fear of the lay mind has brought him into open hostility to all that is best and soundest in the national life. Pius IX. was, at least, the first to suffer from his own excesses; the unfortunate French Catholics have to support the consequences of those of Pius X.

"He preferred to sacrifice the property of the French Church rather than permit the faithful to establish those associations for public worship ordained by the legislature to take charge of and administer its funds. Thus it came about that by the deliberate will of the Holy See the Law which its authors had designed to be full of tolerance, equity and regard for conscience and for vested rights, was transformed into a series of spoliation and persecution."

The French Church complains reasonably of persecution. But its persecutor is not the Republic, but the Holy See.

M. Bourgeois anticipates the verdict of history on the political conspiracy known as the Dreyfus Affair. It was a repetition of the attempt made in 1876 to establish "an ultramontane rule in France by means of the chiefs of the Army." Moreover, there can be no doubt, he adds, that "the congregations, 'the confederate monks,' as Waldeck-Rousseau called them, were this time also the principal actors." The policy of the Republic towards clericalism at home and abroad is open to criticism in detail. But it is not, in intention, an attack either on religion or Catholicism; it is essentially a measure of self-defence.

Mr. Okey's "United Italy" does justice to the high character and enlightened principles of the present King. Humbert I. was a victim of the Crispi régime and of the repression which it inaugurated and bequeathed to the Pelloux Ministry. A recurrence of the brutalities of 1898, which the Austrians could not have surpassed, is, it is to be hoped, impossible. The problem before Italy to-day is neither Socialism nor sectionalism, nor the Vatican, but—the South. The intelligent and industrial North complains that it is outvoted by illiterate Neapolitan and Calabrian peasants; in the *Regno* the Camorra and Mafia supersede the law. On the other hand, the economic burdens imposed on the poverty-stricken southern provinces are intolerable and inequitable; it is calculated that what was once the kingdom of the Two Sicilies pays a million and a quarter over and above its just share of taxation. "The problem is that of a bigger Ireland, of an *Italia Irredenta* far more urgent than that of the provinces still Austrian—a riddle which yet awaits its Oedipus."

The chapters on Russia are from the expert hand of Professor Pares. Mr. Sidney Webb writes on "Social Movements"; Sir Frederick Pollock on the "Modern Law of Nations, and the Prevention of War." In the "Scientific Age" we have a suggestive account of the Mendelian laws; in the "Growth of Historical Science"—of the philological studies of the brothers Grimm. The mind of our generation is rather positive than speculative. The premature and, as they seem to us, somewhat empty theories of the great German system-philosophers of the early nineteenth century have led us to under-estimate the importance of theory, which, when all has been said, is the soul of fact.

"But though the day may not yet have dawned when for working hypotheses shall be substituted a philosophy of history, defining and explaining the purpose and the plan of human evolution, every true historian contributes, equally with the students of physical science and of psychology, to the progress of our knowledge of man."

VAILIMA AGAIN.*

MR. GOSSE once wrote to Stevenson that "Since Byron was in Greece, nothing has appealed to the ordinary literary man so much as that you should be living in the South Seas." We suppose Mr. Gosse was referring to Stevenson's letters to the "Times" about the political troubles and skirmishes on the island. For no other reason could the most ordinary literary man find any parallel between Stevenson seeking peace and health in Samoa and Byron seeking war and risking life in the Greek struggle for freedom. In any case, the comparison is sorely strained. But we do not deny that at the time when Stevenson retreated to the South Seas from the illness that so long pursued him, everyone who cared for literature took an interest in his life. He had reopened a door closed too long. His essays and verses had restored the charm of youth and hope, at that time crusted over with rather barren speculation, and his adventurous tales were refreshing after the rather solemn productions of George Eliot or Shorthouse. With him began the reaction to boyhood that held its ground for nearly twenty years, and still lingers. Certainly, he took us far, and it was no wonder the chances of his fate appealed to literary men.

So we do not grudge the appearance of another book of reminiscences about him, though there was no absolute necessity for it, and the life of hardly any writer can be followed so closely. Mr. Moors is an American trader living in Samoa; he knew Stevenson intimately, and he tells his recollections with simplicity and obvious truth. He does not alter our impression, or, if he changes it at all, it is not for the better. He shows us the same man we always knew—excitable, uncertain, capricious, invariably self-conscious, and only redeemed from excess of vanity by outbursts of a generous and sunny spirit. There was also the strain of the Covenanter latent in him—"something of the Shorter Catechist," as Henley said. But Mr. Moors thinks this side of the man has been exaggerated:—

"Stevenson," he writes, "though he was more or less a dual personality, was mostly Bohemian; and more than once, to his annoyance, has he been surprised in Bohemia. The Stevenson whom some writers have told us of—the man of morals, the preacher, the maker of prayers—is not the Stevenson I knew. Yet it is true that he moralised and preached in his own peculiar way, and true that he wrote some exquisite prayers. The truth is, there were two Stevensons! And I write of this strange dual personality as I found it, not as revealed through the looking-glass of the man's books."

That phrase, "the looking-glass of the man's books," may be used without any deep significance, but it would stand as a searching criticism of Stevenson and his work. One remembers that Henley also told us how Stevenson could never pass a looking-glass without casting a glance of admiration at himself in it. From exactly the same self-consciousness arose, in our opinion, the weakness of his style, much praised and really beautiful though it was. Almost invariably it is a self-conscious style, a style that spends much time in admiring itself, and casting affectionate glances in the looking-glass. Nearly always it is over-elaborated; it poses, it "cadences," as the French say. It seldom says anything without looking round for admiration,

* "With Stevenson in Samoa." By H. J. Moors. Unwin. 5s. net.

like a pretty woman in the witness-box. It keeps one eye fixed on the reader, and in the reader it assumes a certain forgiveness of affectation, or a touch of preciosity. Hardly anything is said in the inevitable, straight-forward manner, as things are said by passion or indignation. Profound and persistent emotions had no place in his nature, and the result of the deficiency was a beautiful style that some critics used to suck like sugar-plums. It was, in fact, so beautiful that for a few years the critics appeared to think good style began with Stevenson, and would end with his imitators.

As to his residence in Samoa, the best one can say of it is that perhaps it prolonged his life a year or two. Apart from health its effect was harmful. We cannot tell what "Weir of Hermiston" might have become, but, excepting that, all his best work was finished before he landed, and his mind could never be itself in surroundings of palm and hibiscus. We think it very likely also that Mr. Moors is right in saying, "I fancy the women-folk were given to coddling him too much at home." He seems to have yielded very easily to the treatment. "A man should never put himself out to nurse," said Dr. Johnson, and it might have been better for Stevenson's reputation if he had lived solitary and died sooner. Again Mr. Moors gives evidence:—

"I sometimes wonder if Stevenson would have done better work if he had never married. . . True, his marriage was a happy one; but I make bold to say that neither was his character bettered by it, nor his art benefited. . . In justice to Stevenson I feel compelled to say that in my opinion these slippings from his own nature were due to the influence of the women-folk of Vailima. Some very plain things have to be said if we are to excuse him for some of the things he did. . . I confess I am unable to understand, with all my intimate knowledge of the man, how he came to descend to some of the pettinesses of which he was guilty."

Side by side with all his talk of adventure and longing for war there was a good deal of effeminacy in his nature. Or, perhaps, one should rather describe him as a boy who never grew up—who deliberately and self-consciously refused to grow up, even when he was over forty. It was all very charming; it would have been entirely charming if the resolve had not been so conscious and so obvious. But the deliberate childishness of middle-age can become a little wearisome, and we feel inclined to think we have had enough of Stevenson, till suddenly we remember that we owe him a few fine essays, half-a-dozen fine tales, and a small selection of fine poems about childhood. Then we turn and ask forgiveness.

EMPIRE AND FINANCE.*

THE task of attempting an economic interpretation of our Imperial history is one which no English writer has yet undertaken. The instincts of a generous mind revolt from the hypothesis that the promptings of finance and trade in reality underlie a diplomacy which invariably uses high words and appeals to moral sanctions, while at its worst the policy which leads to wars and aggressions rests on a popular basis of passion that is always sentimental. The men who know the facts and would in private avow them have, on the other hand, a motive to conceal them. If ever the task is undertaken, the classical object-lesson will be found in Egypt. There is here no dispute about facts, no motive to conjecture, no hypocrisy to unmask. "The origin of the Egyptian question in its present phase," so runs the first sentence of Lord Cromer's book, "was financial." Our statesmen drifted, our agents ploughed their way into the occupation of Egypt, at the bidding of high finance, and for no other reason. Nor could a student who followed closely the controversy which preceded Lord Cromer's departure doubt that it is finance which has forbidden us to fulfil our pledges to evacuate the country. The interests of foreign capital invested on the Nile are now so enormous that we will not trust a Parliament elected by native Egyptians to control them. The occupation of Egypt is no isolated problem. It has been the master-key of most of our foreign, and of some of our domestic, policy for a generation. It had to be maintained against the Radicals at home who would have ended it. It made of the Foreign Office under Liberal administrations a department which only an Imperialist could be trusted to hold, and so helped to create the tradition

of continuity. It underlay for twenty years our long antagonism to France, and played its part in driving her into the Russian alliance, which had as its consequence the creation in France of a vested interest in the Russian autocracy. It destroyed our influence in Turkey, and more than any other cause turned Abdul Hamid towards Pan-Islamism and the policy of massacre. It was the basis of Germany's long ascendancy on the Continent—an ascendancy due to our standing quarrel with France. That quarrel, when the Russian alliance came, endowed us with the Two-Power naval standard. Finally, it was Egypt which underlay the *entente cordiale*, which, in its turn, inaugurated the quarrel with Germany and the quasi-alliance with Russia. Public opinion has ceased to busy itself with Egypt. The plain man has forgotten that we have no legal status there. But the student of diplomacy is well aware that Egypt is still, and has for thirty years been (with Morocco and latterly Persia), the point on which the European balance has turned.

It is well, at a moment when we are asking ourselves what is the ultimate meaning of the European unrest, that a study of our dealings with Egypt should have appeared from a pen as free as it is able. Mr. Rothstein has undertaken a history of the origins of the occupation which is altogether unique in our contemporary political literature. He writes in a style which is clear, condensed, and severely practical, but somewhat arid. His habit of truth-telling is at times more than a little rough and indelicate. He has no first-hand knowledge of the country or the people. He is simply a student who has gone with a firm Marxist bias in favor of an economic interpretation of history and spent laborious days in the British Museum. This preliminary description may not sound alluring. But the book which has resulted from this equipment is, none the less, one of the ablest in this kind which has come from the press in recent years. It is indispensable for any study of the Egyptian question, and it is, what is much more important, the best concrete illustration which one could select for a study of Imperialism. It is, with its patient and almost too ample detail, the perfect application and justification by a single example of the theory of which Mr. Hobson is, among ourselves, the most distinguished exponent. There is in its quiet chapters and elaborately documented pages a whole romance of sudden discovery and illumination. Here is the secret history of the long intrigue which made us the masters of Egypt. Yet Mr. Rothstein has used no private or mysterious sources of information. He has simply read, note-book in hand, the forgotten pages of our blue-books. One almost regrets that in a few rare instances he has gone to other sources. The tale can be told from official admissions, and Mr. Rothstein has told it with equal acumen and industry.

The legend of Ismail Pasha's oppression and extravagance is by now established popular history. There is not much that can be wisely said on behalf of that spendthrift of genius. But the main fact about his debts is constantly ignored. They were usurious debts, which reflected more discredit on the greed of European finance than on his ignorance and folly. The expenditure was based on dishonest contracts given to Europeans, which sometimes represented an overcharge of 400 per cent. Nor was it the capital sum even of these vast debts which ruined Egypt, but the interest, which often rose to twenty-five, and never fell below a real twelve per cent. Egypt could have borne even then, and under relatively incapable government, a moderate charge on that capital. She could not pay twenty-five per cent. The crime which the European control committed was that it was confined from the first to enforcing the payment of this interest, and never attempted to inquire into the claims of the usurers. The coupon had always to be paid, and instead of revising the terms of the loans, British diplomacy set itself to extort the interest. The cruelties practised on the peasantry to exact this tribute for the clients of the Goschens and the Rothschilds are quoted today as the classical examples of Oriental tyranny. Incomparably the worst of them were carried out under the Anglo-French control, which applied the lash, taxed amid famine, sold growing crops, and even enforced the payment of the taxes in advance. Diplomacy controlled the debtor, but never (until we had established our quasi-protectorate) attempted to control the usurer. His claims were sacrosanct

* "The Ruin of Egypt: A Financial and Administrative Record." By Theodore Rothstein. With an Introduction by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Fifield. 6s.

until they had served their turn in forcing on the occupation. It was the "economies" of the Control which ultimately led to Arabi's revolt. To find the interest (at a minimum of twelve per cent.) on a debt which had in it no element of risk (since England stood behind the creditors), the Control insisted, among other economies, upon dismissing 2,000 officers, to whom eighteen months of their pay was due, and that without proposing to make good the arrears. It was with a protest against this definitely predatory act that the revolt of the Egyptian army began, which was ultimately to serve as an excuse for taking Egypt.

This crude summary does no justice to the elaborate and almost meticulous accuracy of Mr. Rothstein's narrative. It is, step by step, from quotations from their own despatches, that he proceeds to unravel the political intrigue by which the financial control led up to the bombardment of Alexandria. Lord Cromer himself admits that Mr. Gladstone never understood that Arabi's movement was in its spirit nationalist and Liberal. He saw in it, and his agents taught him to see in it, a military revolt. Yet it was, thirty years ago, the exact counterpart of the Young Turkish rebellion. The Egyptian officers rose against a weak and treacherous Khedive, against the bondholders, and against the Turkish governing caste. Their aim was to set up a constitution, and there is no doubt that the Parliament which they established was at least as promising as the first Ottoman Chamber which Abdul Hamid destroyed. The despatches of our agents make it clear that they consciously set themselves to work with the Khedive Tewfik and his reactionary Turkish Pashas against this Liberal Egyptian movement. They confess that for purely political ends they aimed at hastening a crisis. They make no secret of the fact that the summoning of our ships to Alexandria was not designed to protect the European population, and that they even anticipated from it the effect which it actually produced—an intensifying of the unrest and an aggravation of the growing anti-foreign sentiment. It is difficult to read without disgust the contemporary accounts of the efforts which we made to induce Abdul Hamid, who had just destroyed his own Parliament, to intervene with a similar object in Egypt. That, however, was a passing phase. The determination to act without either Turkey or France gradually formed itself in Lord Granville's mind, and the attack on Alexandria was ordered, long after the local danger to Europeans had passed, at the very moment when we were reaching at Constantinople, in concert with the Powers, an arrangement to regulate Turkish intervention. The study of these documents goes far to destroy the illusion that our intervention was accidental. We did not blunder into it. On the part of some at least of our agents it was a calculated policy, and a policy, moreover, of whose tendency Downing Street was fully informed.

The later chapters, in which Mr. Rothstein criticises the effects upon Egypt itself of Lord Cromer's administration, are the less valuable part of the book. The documents and the statistics are collected with equal care and analysed with equal skill. But we think Mr. Rothstein errs in his perspective. All that he says of the failure in education is true, and nearly all that he says about the partial errors of other branches of Lord Cromer's work has its value. Yet the balance of good on the purely material plane is clearly on the side of Lord Cromer's record. Even the nationalist revival is in part the fruit of a generation in which equal justice and personal liberty restored the manhood and self-respect of the educated class. It is in this section of the book alone that Mr. Rothstein's judgment seems to us to suffer from his lack of first-hand knowledge of Egypt. But the writing of Egyptian history has been left too long to our pro-consuls. It was time that an *advocatus diaboli* should appear to contest their self-canonicalisation.

THE CINDERELLA OF THE GEORGES.*

"ALAS!" exclaims Shelley, of one of his own beautiful creations, "this love was but a blight and snare." Of Princess Amelia, youngest child of George III and Queen

* "The Romance of Princess Amelia, Daughter of George III. (1763-1810): Including Extracts from Private and Unpublished Papers." By William S. Childe-Pemberton. Nash. 16s. net.

Charlotte, this might have been the tragic epitaph. From the age of between seventeen and eighteen she poured the affections of a singularly pure and sensitive nature upon one of her father's equerries, the handsome and fine-hearted Charles FitzRoy; loved him not less than passionately for ten years; went so far in some of her letters as to sign them with her lover's own initials; and then, in her twenty-eighth year, drooped and died, unmated and, most truly, broken-hearted. In the annals of English royalty no romance is more unsullied, more pathetic.

A century has passed since Princess Amelia was borne by torchlight to the loneliest of graves, and no reason existed for withholding her true story from the world. It was in some measure garbled by her family, few of whose members could think complacently on their part in it. The Princess herself had gloried in her stainless love, "and certainly," as the author says, "by the terms of her will desired to make her betrothal a matter of public knowledge." The family preferred to make a mystery or a secret of it, completely suppressing her testamentary wishes, and, in brief, doing their royal and infatuated best to create a scandal out of the most immaculate attachment in their whole domestic history. A kind of scandal has indeed persisted, together with a good deal of loose and unamiable gossip. Hence, far from there being cause for leaving the affair in oblivion, or but half-revealed, there was cause abundant for Mr. Childe-Pemberton to make it plain.

This he has done, leaving as little for the caviller as for the critic who asks only the authentic facts. He has, moreover, written on very simple lines a very interesting narrative; a narrative as wholesome and sympathetic as the checkered scroll of the Georges could possibly supply. Original documents of value light the reader from page to page. The work was undertaken, as the author tells us in his preface, at the request or suggestion of the late Hon. Mrs. William Lowther, of whom Mr. George Russell has left us an intimate and charming picture. Failing the help which Mrs. Lowther was able to give, the book would have lost much of its importance as a document in the chronicle of the Georges, and almost the whole of the charm that belongs to it as a genuine historical romance. With the lover himself, the knightly FitzRoy, Mrs. Lowther could claim a modified and far-off kinship. Some years after the Princess's death, FitzRoy married, but the letters he had received from Amelia were treasured by him, and on his decease they passed into the equally faithful keeping of his wife. By Mrs. FitzRoy the letters were bequeathed to her sister, Lady Wensleydale; and from this lady, at her demise, they passed to Mrs. Lowther. Communicated as a loan to the author, extracts from these letters are here printed for the first time. For the first time also are published in this volume passages from letters of Princess Amelia's devoted friend, Mrs. George Villiers. We have besides (among other documents of curious interest) sundry letters written to or by Lady Albinia Cumberland, and a remarkable contemporary diary which admits us to the death-chamber, where a dim, belated succor seems to dawn from Heaven. Mr. Childe-Pemberton, in a word, has been fortunate in his quest of evidence; and both in bulk and in quality it suffices. An impartial Court decides for the gentlest and least obtrusive of plaintiffs.

At first, no doubt, the Princess's romance gilded her life in the midst of a family of whom the Queen-mother herself said in one of her sprightly letters:—

"They ate, they drank, they slept, what then?

They slept, they ate, they drank again."

It was clandestine, as circumstance would have it. There was, as usual, the "something behind the throne." Indeed, as an embarrassment to the Princess in her love for the equerry there were several things. There was the gathering madness of the King. There was his rooted prejudice against giving his daughters in marriage. "A reliable tradition records that the King positively 'howled' whenever the subject of his daughters marrying was broached." There was the Royal Marriages Act, which George himself had framed before Amelia was born, "an insuperable obstacle to the realisation of her desires." There was the fact that FitzRoy, although of royal origin through his paternal descent from Charles II (he was second son of the first Lord Southampton and nephew of the third Duke of Grafton), could not aspire to marriage on equal terms with the King's

Orders for the new Encyclopaedia Britannica have been received by the Cambridge University Press on an average at the rate of 1,000 a week.

During this month, early copies of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica have been in course of delivery to more than 8,000 subscribers whose applications for the India paper impression had been received before Christmas.

If these first 8,000 subscribers were asked to say in virtue of what quality they recognised the new Encyclopaedia Britannica to be a desirable possession, the answers, varying in form according to individual idiosyncrasies would, upon analysis, resolve themselves into this, that the work was essentially written to be read.

A book written to be READ.

To describe a book as consisting of some 40,000 articles upon every conceivable topic is inevitably to suggest that in each case it gives but a modicum of information; that it can claim to possess, therefore, no more than the restricted utility which belongs to a work of reference—and of reference only in respect of the more obvious points in connexion with any subject. In the case of the new Britannica, however, its 40,000 articles, while they answer all the questions as to which an inquirer might expect to find satisfaction in an encyclopaedia, were not intended merely to be consulted in this way. They are the work of leading authorities, written to be read, as other books dealing with only one subject are read, *for the instruction and the interest they afford.*

Such is the characteristic which gives the Encyclopaedia Britannica its great attraction, which recommends it as beyond question a desirable possession. Were it merely a dictionary of abbreviated information, many of those who are now reading in its pages would have argued that, useful as such a book might well be, they could only look forward to consulting it occasionally. One may recognize that there would be utility in a book which tells the inquirer the area of Japan, or the dates of Aristotle, and yet feel by no means confident that it would be often in use, or greatly valued. To such questions, indeed, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, as a matter of course, provides an immediate answer; but it performs an immeasurably more valuable service when it meets the need of the reader who would know about Japan, or who would understand what manner of teaching it was that makes Aristotle still the most quoted among philosophers.

This very claim, however, to perform so large a service might perhaps raise a doubt as to whether the attempt were not too large, whether it could succeed in affording more than a smattering of knowledge. As to the standard of scholarship maintained by the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, the subscriber doubtless finds some assurance in the fact that its articles are such as commend themselves as sufficient to the distinguished scholars who contribute them. It is enough that the philosophy of Aristotle should be discussed in an article of many thousands of words by Professor Case, and that the country and history of Japan should be described and related by Captain Brinkley in an article of about 180,000 words. Indeed, it is possible for the Britannica to fulfil its purpose of serving for instruction and reading, because it allows space enough to attract the co-operation of the most distinguished authorities.

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It is to its extent, therefore, that the Encyclopaedia Britannica owes its great attraction as a book to be read on any subject. In the past, however, this attraction was discounted by the very circumstance which promoted it. Its volumes were written, indeed, to be read; but they were too big and too heavy to hold with comfort. In too many cases, therefore, their possessor never reaped the full value of his possession; he used the Encyclopaedia Britannica only for reference—even then finding its cumbersome volumes an inconvenience. As 90 per cent. of those whose orders have already been received have elected to take the new edition in the new form, *i.e.*, printed upon India paper, it is evident that the attraction of the book, as one to be read for its instruction and its interest, is greatly enhanced by the fact that the employment of India paper makes light and readable volumes. An India paper volume, indeed, is only one inch thick, and weighs but 3 lbs.; it can thus be held by the reader in one hand as he sits back at his ease.

The new Encyclopaedia will prove to be a valuable resource for reference; yet, it is primarily intended to be read. It sets out to deal with every subject; yet its treatment everywhere maintains a high standard of scholarship. As representing two extremes, there may be instanced an extraordinarily interesting study contributed by Mr. Shepard, of the Board of Education, under the heading "Arithmetic," and an illuminating description by Dr. Mirbt, Professor of Church History at Marburg, of what took place at the "Vatican Council" which made Papal infallibility an article of faith. These two treatises are part of the same book, and between them lies the whole field of knowledge, covered by an alphabetical series of some 40,000 articles. Yet the distinguished authority in either case wrote his article, not for reference, but to be *read—read through, re-read, studied, as would be a book dealing with one subject instead of with many thousands.*

The knowledge that he was contributing to a book of universal information exercised an important influence, however, upon his writing. For he knew that his article was to meet with readers who are unpractised in mathematical speculations and have, perhaps, never heard of the Vatican Council. If his article was to be read, as he hoped it would be read, it must be comprehensible, and thus reveal the interest of its subject even to those who have never thought about it. Indeed, had the new Encyclopaedia Britannica been written, not for the benefit of the public at large, but solely for circulation among its own learned contributors, the virtue of "making things clear" would have been no less necessary. The greatest authority upon Church History may need to be led by the hand in approaching the conception of number, and a writer upon the Vatican Council is not justified in taking any knowledge of Papal history for granted though his reader enjoy a European reputation as a mathematician.

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It would be strange indeed if the new edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica did not recommend itself at once, and to a large public, as a desirable possession. It would be deplorable were its cost such as would limit to a few a resource calculated to appeal equally to all. Indeed, in undertaking the publication of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the press of the University of Cambridge regarded the sale of the new edition at a low price as a matter of the greatest importance, and in considering the wide appeal which the book is evidently making, the circumstance that it is cheap is one that can by no means be overlooked. Those whose applications have already been received have purchased the new edition at the cash price of 15s. 10d. a volume of nearly 1,000 pages, where the 9th edition was originally published at the rate of 30s. a volume of 850 pages. They have the option of paying the cash price, at an increase of but a few shillings, over a period of 4, 8, or 12 months, or of making monthly instalments of only 21s.

They have obtained the book at this low price because they made early application for it—ordering it, in fact, while it is still in course of publication. Intending subscribers, who would secure a like advantage, must follow their example, and make early application; for the completion of publication—and only the Index volume remains to be issued—will be followed by an advance in price, which will ultimately be raised to 30s. a volume.

This announcement opened with the statement that from the advance copies which were to be ready in January, deliveries were being made to the 8,000 subscribers whose applications for the India paper impression were received up to the last week of 1910. Of this preliminary impression, however, only 12,000 copies have been printed upon India paper. It will be seen, therefore, that the entire impression will be taken up by the end of the month, and some delay must occur before further supplies are available. Those to whom it is a consideration of some importance that they should obtain copies of a new book as soon as it is out have thus every reason to make application without delay. You may obtain an order form at the present low price, with a prospectus and 56 specimen pages, printed on India paper, by writing your name and address below, tearing off this corner, and posting to the

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daughter. Such were among the trammels of a virtuous Princess, devoted to her father; such was the need of secrecy impressed on the most candid of hearts.

Still, the romance was theirs. They rode together in the glades of Windsor (the King had appointed FitzRoy to be her squire), and she usually contrived to have him opposite to her when cards formed the evening's pastime of the august and dreary circle. Only, however, in her letters to FitzRoy do we read the Princess's thoughts, which there indeed blossom very wonderfully. This strange and infinitely touching correspondence on her part is at once a measure of her trust in the lover who was not privileged to ask her hand, and of her absolute consecration to him of her whole life and being. Even at the distance of a century it seems almost profane in us, for whom they were never meant, to scan such things as these:—

"That dear smile to-day gave me such pleasure, but I think something I did annoyed you to-night. . . . My own dear love, I am sure you love me as well as ever. If you can give me a kind look or word to-night, pray do, and look for me to-morrow morning riding, don't leave me, do let us be, if we can, in comfort, but tell me your mind, and the truth. . . . Now, God bless you!"

From her twentieth year she seems to have been frequently premonished of death, and it is at this date that she indites a girlish will, bestowing all on "you, my beloved Charles FitzRoy."

But the letters do not cease, and now she begins to sign them "by his own dear name." One, indeed, is signed "Wife and darling." In the spring of 1808 she believed herself on the threshold of death (and was in truth drawing very near to it), and wrote to Charles:—

"My memory is my only joy. No two ever loved or were so tried as we . . . it has bound us tighter and more sacredly together. . . . I have many faults, but none towards you. O God, how I do love you!"

Why did she resign herself to death, and not stand upon her right to marry the man she worshipped? At the age of twenty-five she might have written to the Privy Council announcing her intention of doing so. Courage was not wanting to her, for earlier than this she had entertained the bold idea of marriage by elopement, and at no instant would she have shrunk from relinquishing any of her royal dignities. No; the heroic truth about the poor consumptive little Princess is this, that she had consciously chosen the sacrificial way. She elected to die unwedded that she might preserve the thin remnant of his wits to the father whose ever-darkening mind was now fast overtaking the dreadful boon of sheer insanity. Amelia was the child he clung to, and she knew that her flight would seal his madness. So she stayed—and died.

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS.*

DEAN SPENCE-JONES has read with enthusiasm the story of the early Church, and the same enthusiasm animates the book before us. In some ways his equipment seems deficient. He has not in a very high degree the historical temper; sometimes a rhetoric, that half-suggests the popular preacher, carries him away; and, while using intermediary as well as primary authorities, as anyone must, he does not seem quite abreast of what has been done of late years in the field of his choice. True, he quotes Archbishop Benson's "Cyprian," Sir Samuel Dill, and one of Harnack's works in an English version. But Lightfoot, Stanley, and de Broglie are his standard works; and even Gaston Boissier appears with the accidental decoration of a *de*.

That St. Peter was at Rome as early as 42 or 43 A.D., Dean Spence-Jones "has no doubt," though he knows that few serious scholars are at all as sure—apart from "the vast majority of the Roman Catholic writers on this point." He had better have gone more slowly. His picture of Nero seems to owe little to Mr. B. W. Henderson's monograph—it is traditional "with fiendish joy and exultation." That Poppaea was "at least a devoted proselyte of the chosen race," and that her influence "diverted the suspicions which had been awakened from the Jews to the Christians," are statements about both of which we doubt. Nor are we at

* "The Early Christians in Rome." By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence-Jones, M.A., D.D., Dean of Gloucester. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

all ready to believe that, "during that long day and sombre evening" when Christians burned in the gardens of Nero, Seneca looked on, and that "the strange ineffable smile of the Christian in pain and agony" went "home to the heart of the great scholar-statesman." These things wake mistrust in the reader. That Marcus Aurelius "evidently believed with a fervent belief in these old gods of Rome," we do not think, in spite of the passages quoted from his diary—there are too many others that imply the very greatest uncertainty.

The book is rather lightly conceived. The sudden digression to Symmachus and Sidonius Apollinaris from the Letters of Pliny is more suitable to a conversation than a book. The long section on the Talmud seems doubtfully relevant, and the general tenor of the book makes one doubt if it rests on original study of the Hebrew. On page 151, Prudentius is set a hundred years earlier than on page 253; but everybody is liable to little slips. It is curious, perhaps, that the Dean, citing Prudentius on Hippolytus, says nothing of the poet's conflation of the bishop with the hero of *Erupides*.

There is, however, something to be said on the other side, for Dean Spence-Jones brings before his readers a good deal of the real inner thought of the early Christians, and in their own words—in English, it may be added, and therefore more available. He has gathered his passages pretty widely, and they deserve study, while his account of the catacombs, and the illustrations—particularly the frontispiece with a very early Good Shepherd in color—add to the fulness of the presentment. And if we have cited some passages where we disagree with the Dean, let us in fairness conclude with another which we feel to be better conceived and better supported by the evidence:—

"It is often argued that the great bond which united the brethren of the very early Church was only the beautiful mutual love and charity urged in these gatherings. There is some truth in this assertion. It was a new life which was preached, and to a certain extent lived, by the Christian brotherhood . . . but it must never be forgotten that the mainspring of this new life was the doctrine of the Cross—of the Atonement made by the Divine One who had founded the new religion. The belief in the supreme Divinity of Jesus, who had come from Heaven to redeem men, was the foundation story of the wonderful love and boundless charity which lived in their midst."

AN ODYSSEY OF DISCONTENT.*

It is difficult to read "The New Machiavelli" without noting the persistent contrast between the literary temperament and method of Mr. Wells and that of Mr. Arnold Bennett. Mr. Bennett is, beyond all doubt, the foremost of our contemporary exponents of the great art of representation. To him life passes as a show, to which he, as a spectator, is determined to apply his utmost powers of memory, observation, choice, and comparison. This effort has given us two of the most perfect pictures of a selected English society and its environment that our literature contains. Neither Mr. Wells's character nor his design as a writer allows him to write such a book as "Clay-hanger." Since he quitted the sphere of prophetic fantasy as to the material texture of the world, he has insisted on mingling, not always, or perhaps at all, in a god-like way, with the game of life, and delivering his full message of self-expression. The latest mode of this deliverance is indeed peculiar to himself. It is not a frank autobiography like Rousseau's, presented as if it were the truth about every man if only he chose to tell it. It is not, though Mr. Wells seems to say so, founded on the scandalous model of Machiavelli's correspondence with Vettori, save in so far as Mr. Wells's hero, Richard Remington, chooses, like Machiavelli in an episode between a great political and a greater literary career, to discuss his passing amours. Mr. Wells takes a line of his own, which cuts between the personal and the impersonal method. Occasionally he takes a slice out of a body of clearly personal opinions, such as a somewhat undefined "Endowment of Motherhood" or the government of the State by a class of uplifted Samurai, who, at critical moments, seem to sink into the common ruck of infirm wills and narrowly individual passions and experiences. Again, in the mere furniture of his story, he

* "The New Machiavelli." By H. G. Wells. Lane. 6s.

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London: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1, Bloomsbury Street.

mixes the imaginative and the actual, so that in one moment we have a couple of distinguished people with their names attached and at another their obvious pseudonyms of "Oscar and Altiora Bailey," while we choose between a named "Mr. Campbell Bannerman" and a highly flattered and easily recognisable portrait of Mr. Balfour as "Mr. Evesham." We have no doubt at all what we should have liked Mr. Wells to do. We should have liked to see him carry the art of imaginative writing into its proper sphere, and to keep it there. In his opening chapter he states with much eloquence the theme of "The New Machiavelli." That theme may be stated in rather different terms. It may be a moralisation of the old trouble of the instability of the political man; of the truth that he who is on fire for "social service"—who has dreamt what Mr. Wells calls the "state-making dream" of order and progress—is specially liable to become a victim of dire confusion, of tormenting distractions, in his private life. It may be that Mr. Wells wishes to say that much is amiss with the state of Denmark, that its sexual ideals and customs are wrong, that it was wrong in not using Richard and Isabel for all that they were intellectually worth in spite of their several admitted sins against Margaret, his wife, and Shoesmith, her affianced husband. Sometimes it seems to us that Mr. Wells wants us to see his hero "fess," and sometimes that he thinks he was right to explode. But all this exposition, moralisation, personal satire, intimate psychology, indignant or excusing rhetoric, would have gone nearer to its mark if the author had stepped more completely out of his work, and had filled his stage only with thoroughly realised types of men and women of our day, instead of with a medley of actual and fictitious personages. We do not want a malicious photograph even of the National Liberal Club. What we do want is an artistic vision of the world of clubs and politics.

On one point, indeed, there can be no doubt. "The New Machiavelli," inferior to "Tono-Bungay," and much superior to "Ann Veronica," is the most vivid and powerful picture of social and moral discontents that Mr. Wells has drawn. In a sense it has no characters. Isabel is nothing, the motley host of Remington's friends are nothing; only his father, the irascible, ineffectual man, smashing up his ill-grown vegetables with a hoe, and Margaret, the sad apparition of his beautiful, ineffectual wife, are real. But for a sketch of a profoundly uneasy society, conscious of its muddles and unable to see a way out, "The New Machiavelli" would be hard to beat. It is written with a passion that seems always at high tension, always driven on by a sense of personal grievance and defeat. Thus, for example, does Remington the elder, the half-baked product of "Science and Art Departments" and small middle-class schools, curse the life of the suburb and the little villa:—

"Property's the curse of life. Property! Ugh! Look at this country all cut up into silly little parallelograms, look at all those villas we passed just now and those potato patches and that tarred shanty and the hedge! Somebody's minding every bit of it like a dog tied to a cart's tail. Patching it and bothering about it. Bothering! Yapping at every passer-by. Look at that notice-board! One rotten worried little beast wants to keep us other rotten little beasts off his patch—God knows why! Look at the weeds in it. Look at the mended fence! . . . There's no property worth having, Dick, but money. That's only good to spend. All these things. Human souls buried under a cartload of blithering rubbish. . . ."

And thus does the younger Remington impeach the whole texture of English life when the pattern of his own has broken out in the most flagrant disharmony with it:—

"I went through my life bit by bit last night, I recalled all I've had to do with virtue and women, and all I was told and how I was prepared. I was born into cowardice and debasement. We all are. Our generation's grimy with hypocrisy. I came to the most beautiful things in life—like peeping Tom of Coventry. I was never given a light, never given a touch of natural manhood by all this dingy, furtive, canting, humbugging English world. Thank God! I'll soon be out of it! The shame of it! The very savages in Australia initiate their children better than the English do to-day. Neither of us was ever given a view of what they call morality that didn't make it show as shabby subservience, as the meanest discretion, an abject submission to unreasonable prohibitions! meek surrender of mind and body to the dictation of pedants and old women and fools. We weren't taught—we were mumbled at!"

To such a mood the story of Richard Remington's life is attuned, so that the general note is one of undeviating, if half-articulate, protest. "Why the devil did I start gardening?" says the father. "Why the devil did I start living?" in effect says the son. Must an orderly brain, with visions of "scientific boys' schools," "a new college system" cutting "the umbilicus" of the classics, "re-organised internal transit," endowed mothers, flying machines, and a new War Office, be vexed by our party system—made up of a Liberal party of "many small men against the fewer prescribing men" of a Tory party based on the "big established classes," of a Socialist party, whose actual members may not as yet have learned their "table manners?" Must a hot-blooded, imaginative man, prompt to stray, be made to suffer all things, so far as his political career is concerned, because he has failed in some? Is it he who has sinned or Society before him?

So far as Mr. Wells, turning over and over all these problems of conduct and experience, has aimed at presenting a political reformer of fixed quality and dimensions, he seems to us to have failed. Remington's venture into neo-Imperialism, with a great Conservative backing for the "endowment of motherhood," gives us no tangible idea of a renovated community. Remington proposes to get at "the schools, the services, the universities, the Church." He wishes to "strengthen the public consciousness, develop social organisation, and a sense of the State." And Mr. Evesham-Balfour is to help him. This is indeed to verify Remington's description of himself as "putting things in a windy way." But if Mr. Wells-Remington's politics lack precision, no such failure belongs to the passionate presentation of a moral life, of a personality and temperament, not merely as problems to be studied and solved, but as a human being to be judged and dealt with. The lines of this presentation are broad and commanding. They are disfigured by very literal, though not salacious, detail, which many readers will dislike; by conclusions, or half-conclusions, which they may dread or vehemently disapprove. It is, at least, a question-begging method to set out a man like Remington, who as he says of himself takes beauty "as a wild beast gets its salt, as a constituent of the meal," and ask that one so wild of nature should develop his physical and emotional needs as he will, and yet demand a continued and powerful part in the self-subordinating work of social construction. Which is it to be—fiery untamed steed, or yoke-fellow with "Mr. Evesham" and company? It cannot be both. Remington cannot himself excuse his betrayal of Margaret, his seduction of Isabel, or Isabel's seduction of him. Then why should he bemoan society's refusal to recognise it? But though we follow the psychology of Remington with many perplexities, it would be absurd to deny to him what his creator attributes to another character in a phrase more memorable than usual—a "raw and bleeding faith in the deep things of life." The literature of self-revelation, so long as it is honest, has its place in an age so full of empirical stuff as our own. Mr. Wells's artistry is seldom great. His political ideas are so vague as to give the suggested parallel of Remington with the author of "The Prince"—one of the most precise books ever written—a faint color of absurdity. But his intensity of mood is a truly remarkable quality. There is hardly a page of "The New Machiavelli" in which his impressionist sketches of modern people and institutions—schools, colleges, suburbs, clubs, economic and political groups, societies, and households, elections, dinners, social gossip and speculation—are untouched by this inquisitive, sceptical, not profound, but fiery and impatient spirit. He has chosen to make sexual rebellion his theme, some critics will say his standard. It is a choice of gravity; it is also a trodden and a stricken field of literature.

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MR. ROBERT HICHENS is one of those upon whom the Orient has laid its spell, and his volume on "The Holy Land" (Hodder and Stoughton, 25s. net) is full of a whole-hearted enthusiasm for those places in Palestine that he visited, tempered by mild criticism of some of them. Mr. Hichens's outlook is that of an impressionist; he gives us

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word pictures of town and country, as they appeared to him, rather than historical data concerning them; and his pictures have a colorful quality that makes them welcome, with something, too, of Fromentin's aptness in describing eastern scenery. But though his point of view is modern and impressionist, he has not lost sight of the paramount reason that takes Christian travellers to the Holy Land—the Christianity of which it is geographically the origin, and of which it is to thousands still the centre. In this connection, his description of the ceremonies at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, during Holy Week, is of vivid interest, powerfully and picturesquely written, and conveying a very complete idea of what those ceremonies mean to the cosmopolitan Christianity that assembles to take part in them. However, this chapter is at the end of the book, and before Jerusalem and its Holy Week are recounted, we are shown a variety of other places. At Baalbec he was struck chiefly by the columns of the ruined Temple of the Sun, and the pagan spirit that these evoked within him seems to have remained active during his stay at Damascus, which he compares with Jerusalem as "silken garment" with "hair shirt." But the lessons of Christianity came home to him on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, of which he writes reverently. Nazareth, on the other hand, disappointed him; he marks its lack of "Oriental quality," and dubs it "German-Swiss!" Anticipation had in this case, it seems, prepared a natural way for disappointment. Jericho and Bethlehem were included in his itinerary; but he is obviously more interested in the Lake of Galilee, the Dead Sea, and the wonderful tints of the Mountains of Moab, than in any of the much-modernised towns he visited, with the exception of Jerusalem; and even his summing-up of the latter as "the home of supposition rather than ascertained truth" is critical in its savor. But though it is the desert and the quiet, sweet places of the fertile countryside that appeal especially to him, he has a more than sympathetic word for the Russian Christian pilgrim, whose religious practices are contrasted favorably with those of the Jews and others. He appears to have toured sumptuously—with an escort at fifteen dollars a day; and he has been more than fortunate in securing M. Jules Guerin as an illustrator, for the latter's pictures, reproduced in color, are wonderfully clever and really emotional arrangements in simple, though rich, tones, and symbolise the very spirit of the grave yet sensuous landscape they portray.

* * *

THE plan adopted in "The Life of William Hagger Barlow, late Dean of Peterborough" (Allen, 12s. 6d. net) is to divide the biography into a number of separate sections, each being the work of a different writer. The method is open to objection, for, besides an inevitable want of unity, it fails to set before us a clear picture of the man. The late Dean was an Evangelical stalwart, and Evangelicals can have nothing but pride when reading the chapters that tell of his many-sided activities. His powers of organisation and teaching made the Church Missionary Society's College at Islington into one of the most efficient of existing agencies for training men for the mission field. The same qualities were displayed during the years when, as Vicar of Islington, he held a commanding influence in the Evangelical party. The work and responsibility were great, and there was hardly any section of Church work in which the Dean did not make himself felt. He was Secretary of the Church Patronage Trust—an office which involved the appointment to over a hundred livings—Chairman of the Islington Conference, for a time Chairman of the Islington Vestry, and a member of hundreds of boards and committees. At Peterborough he showed almost equal energy. He restored the famous west front of the Cathedral—over-restored it, we are much afraid—and at the time of his death was busy with a scheme for finishing the screen of the choir. The impression left by reading his biography is that of a man of great energy, unusually good judgment, and a knack of winning the friendship even of his foes.

* * *

KNOWLEDGE of the conditions of heredity grows from year to year, but theories of heredity accumulate still faster, and there is constant need for books to keep the general public informed as to the best that is known or conjectured

on the subject. Dr. S. Herbert's "The First Principles of Heredity" (Black, 5s. net) is a sound little treatise which will be found valuable by those who have little preliminary scientific training. What is actually known is succinctly set forth, and then follows a fair and impartial account of the theories of Spencer, Weismann, and Mendel, in which we should conjecture that the writer has been more influenced by Dr. J. A. Thomson—and a very good influence it is—than by anyone else. Though Dr. Herbert is a believer in eugenics, he is in no way in favor of leaving the decision as to who is fit to survive to the disease germ, or, generally, to natural selection, and he remarks, justly, that the insane, imbecile, morally depraved, or criminal "are not necessarily confined to any one stratum of society." But he thinks that the "most important" part of the social question is that of the betterment of the race, and this, in accordance with the theories which he maintains, cannot be affected by any improvement of the "environment." For this purpose he thinks a "rational selection" must ultimately be substituted for "natural selection." It is so refreshing to read a work on heredity which does not wind up with denunciations of "maudlin" humanitarian sentiment, threats of national deterioration, and Jeremiads over the preservation of the "unfit," that we have not in our hearts to press Dr. Herbert further. We doubt, however, if he would disagree with us should we subjoin that before a rational selection is possible our social institutions must have been so far re-organised on just and rational lines as to afford an environment in which all who are really "fit" for social life can find their place, and those who fail can be truly said to fail through deep-seated unfitness for life among men.

* * *

If a sense of humor is necessary to the angler who would preserve his contentment throughout the many trials that his occupation involves, it is equally indispensable to the writer who would make the record of his own angling experiences acceptable to other people. Fortunately, Mr. H. T. Sheringham has this sense and, moreover, knows how to employ it discreetly as a garnish to the record of his angling days contained within "An Open Creel" (Methuen, 5s. net). This is described as "a book of reminiscence and meditation," but the phrase only does it the barest justice; for the meditation is that of a genuine philosopher, and the reminiscence embraces practically every form of angling to be found within the British Isles. Mr. Sheringham is no narrow aristocrat among fishermen. If he has followed the salmon in some noble highland torrent, he has angled for the humble dace at Isleworth, and he writes of both with equal enjoyment and enthusiasm. The Itchen, the Kennet, the Norfolk Broads, the Colne, and Blagdon have in turn known him; he is as catholic in his choice of water, as in that of the quarry to be pursued. The essays—for that is their literary form—are all readable, and each contains its proper share of useful information unobtrusively set forth, and each its morsel of philosophy. There are recounted red-letter days, and middling days, and days that were frankly disappointing; and the recital of one "Day of Tribulation" should bring the tears of laughter to the eyes of many besides those anglers to whom Mr. Sheringham specifically appeals.

* * *

To the casual reader a descriptive or historical book on finance suggests no doubt a work of dry scientific solemnity. Of course, this is a mistake. The modern writer treats the subject with a freedom that amounts to levity. Lest anyone should be misled thereby into reading "The Rise of the London Money Market," by Dr. W. R. Bisschop (P. S. King & Son, 5s. net), in a search for spicy details of "runs, forgeries, and crises, diversified with vignettes of eccentric financiers," let us hasten to add that the present volume represents the outcome of what must have been a laborious scientific research. The book appeared originally in Dutch in 1896, and has been translated into English at the request of Professor Foxwell, who contributes a short introduction. The early history of English banking is still shrouded in considerable obscurity. Dr. Bisschop devotes himself chiefly to a study of the least known portions of this development. Most instructive of all, perhaps, is his detailed account of the rise of the cheque and bank-note systems, and the way in which both are shown to have evolved from the deposit receipt. Apparently,

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however, even in the earliest time, the germ of the present distinction can be seen in the fact that "running cash notes" were generally issued for odd amounts, and "promissory notes" for round sums, with a correspondingly longer life, and greater ease of transference. For practical purposes, of course, the two developed at quite different periods. The cheque only came into common use after the industrial revolution had knit together all parts of the commercial community. On the statistical side, early banking history is still most imperfect. And in questions of banking, statistics are vital; without them no really clear ideas as to the growth and spread of the credit system can be obtained. With the material that he has been able to find, however, Dr. Bisschop has gone some way towards filling in the more salient gaps in our knowledge, and the student will probably also find himself compelled to modify some of the current but too sweeping generalisations that find their place in the modern text-book.

* * *

MR. J. C. HADDEN'S "Favorite Operas" (Jack, 6s. net) is a very serviceable companion volume to this author's "The Operas of Wagner." Chronologically it extends from Mozart to Richard Strauss; and it deals "only with such works as are constantly being presented, or have recently been revived." The plan of the book is a short biography of each composer, followed by a description of the one or more operas by his hand that are selected for treatment, and by a critical but not too technical analysis of their music. Considering the narrow limits of space available, the matter is wonderfully exhaustive. Besides the widely-known masterpieces of Mozart, Beethoven, Gounod, Verdi, Bizet, Puccini, Mascagni, and Saint-Saëns, we are reminded of a great number of operas by the lesser Italian masters of the early nineteenth century, while the chapters on Debussy's "Pelléas and Mélisande" and Strauss's "Elektra" are, though slight and non-technical, useful summaries of the general verdict that has emerged from the fierce criticism to which they have been subjected. We have seen better and more consistent work of Mr. Byam Shaw's than the color illustrations he has done for this book. They appear to us to lack emotional and dramatic quality; some are as literal in treatment and sentiment as a genre picture by a second-class seventeenth-century Dutchman; and one, at least, the "Carmen," facing page 124, suggests no justification for its bad drawing. The book, however, is essentially one for the intelligent opera-goer in London and the Provinces who has hitherto experienced difficulty in ascertaining what an opera was "all about."

The Week in the City.

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MONEY is scarce just now in the short loan market and likely to remain so while the collection of the income tax proceeds; but this has not prevented a rise in gilt-edged securities and an outburst of speculative activity in oil shares and Kaffirs. The Stock Exchange, however, was disappointed when it learned on Thursday that there was no reduction in the Bank Rate. The truth is that the experts now expect a transfer of gold from the Bank to the Indian Government's reserves. This is the consequence of good trade in India. The American market is still in suspense waiting for some decisive event such as the Supreme Court decisions or a settlement of the railroad demand for higher rates. Many new issues such as Pennsylvania Railroad and New York City are coming forward.

OIL AND RUBBER.

Last spring the rubber boom was accompanied by an oil boom, based on the supposition of a greatly enlarged demand for oil for naval purposes. Probably the use of oil for fuel is expanding, and the recent activity in oil shares may have some substantial basis. But they tell me that there is no more treacherous market than oil shares for the speculator. Even the Stock Exchange experts cannot read its barometer. Probably this is because the movements depend so much upon foreign conditions and foreign operators in the United States, Galicia, Holland, &c. The rubber share market is depressed, as there are said to be large stocks of rubber in London and elsewhere. Consumption in the United States (the largest consumer by far) is much below last year. There is a similar depression in wool, despite the prosperity of Great Britain and the heavy consumption of raw material in the West Riding. A change for the better may come soon; but no one has yet been able to arrive at a valuation of the leading rubber properties. There has not yet been sufficient experience of rubber plantations to say what yield you ought to expect if you put your money into rubber shares.

PORTLAND CEMENT IN THE U.S.A.

A short time ago it was announced that Messrs Morgan & Co., of New York, were combining the Portland Cement interests of the United States. But owing to bad trade and the unwillingness of some of the unbought concerns to maintain prices in a falling market, the attempt has failed. The "Philadelphia Record" makes the following comment:—

"Cement prices have been cut 15 cents a barrel because the combination of producers has been broken. The operations of the trusts have been uniform, with very slight variations. The trust is organized primarily to suppress competition, and as soon as that is achieved prices are advanced. When the consolidation is effected by one corporation absorbing others a secondary motive is the creation of a lot of watered securities which will afford a convenient way of getting rid of excessive profits without attracting attention by high dividends, and which are in any event available for stock speculation. For this purpose it is not necessary that they should ever pay dividends. When a combination breaks up, prices immediately drop back to the competitive level. In Germany, when the Potash Trust dissolved, prices fell instantly from \$33 to \$20 a ton, and in the United States we have seen the temporary restoration of normal conditions and competition result in sharp declines."

It is probable that the news of the combination gave a stimulus to the large British company, Associated Portland Cement, and it will be interesting to see whether the rise of the last two or three months can be maintained. Fortunately for the home concern our building trade is improving, while that of the United States is, or has been, on the decline. What really hits the Americans, however, is their high cost of production, due to tariffs and Trusts.

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